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THE TROSSACHS IN LITERATURE AND TRADITION.

THE TROSSACHS

IN LITERATURE AND TRADITION.

COMPILED BY

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MINISTER AT TROSSACHS.

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PREFACE.

THIS book does not profess to occupy the place of a guide-book to the Trossachs. There are several excellent guide-books easily obtainable, which are valuable, not only to the visitor, but to those who know the district well. Nor does it profess any originality. The purpose of the compiler has been to collect in one book the references to the Trossachs district contained in the old historical records of Scotland; the descriptions of Trossachs given by many famous people throughout more than a century past; and also to preserve the floating tradition of the neighbourhood learned from the older generation during more than twenty years' residence—tradition which might otherwise soon die away.

Little reference is made to the writings of our illustrious Sir Walter. He has doubtless been the maker of the world-wide fame of Trossachs, although he was not the first discoverer of its glorious beauty. His notes to the "Lady of the Lake" and "Rob Roy" will always remain a mine of information concerning the history and tradition of the district.

Much has been searched out by many students of old history since his day with widening facilities. But he remains always the great master of all such research in Scotland, combined with his genius of poetry and romance.

This book is issued in connection with the Trossachs Church Bazaar in August, 1908, with a hope that it may still be of interest long after that incident has passed.

WM. WILSON.

TROSSACHS MANSE,
August, 1908.

THE TROSSACHS
IN LITERATURE AND TRADITION.

Acts of the Parliament of Scotland. Vol. III., page 234.

THE keepership of the Castle Down, and of the forest of Glenfinlas and other woods within the stewartry, along with the lands of the Mains of Down and other lands, were erected into a lordship in favour of James Stewart of Down in 1581, and now belong to his descendant, the Earl of Moray.

From the "Register of the Privy Council of Scotland."

1603, February.—The battle of Glenfruin, on Loch Lomond-side, was the scene of a slaughter of the Clan Colquhoun by the Clan Gregour. Immediately after, the King and Council find, "that God cannot be appeasit nor the countrey releivit of the sklander quhilk it susteins by that barbarite unless that unhappie and detestable race be extirpat and ruttit out." And they give instructions that the Clan Gregour be "followit and persewit with fyre and sword, aye and quhil they be exterminat." From 1612 to 1624, between Inverness and Dumbarton, fines amounting to £115,000 (Scots) were inflicted for "reset" (*i.e.* giving refuge), to the Clan Gregour. Scarcely half of this is recorded as actually paid, and to be divided between the King and his Commissioner Argyle. But even such a sum implies barbarous usage of the poorest

and kindliest portion of the population, and is indicated by the remissions of part of the fines for such reasons as beggary, bankruptcy, and other causes, implying poverty and misery.

(See Masson's *Register of the Privy Council of Scotland.* Vol. xiv.)

1607.—*(Glenfinglas).*—His Majesty being informed that there is "verie grite spoyle of his Heynes' gayme and deir," in his forest of Glenfinlas, Henry, Commendator of Sanct Colme, keeper of the said forest, was summoned before the Council, and the Lords ordain him to "attend and cause attendance be gevin upoun the keiping and preservation of his Majesty's forrest foirsaid mair diligentlie nor he has done heirtofoir," as he shall answer at his highest peril.

1611, 31 January—At Stirling—*(Clan Gregour).*—"James, Earl of Tullibardin, William, Lord Murray, his son Hary, Lord of St. Colme, Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurquhy, Alexander Colhoun of Lus, Sir George Buquhannane of that Ilk, James Campbell of Laweris, and Andro M'Farlane of Arroquhair," appear before the council and promise, "to go to the fieldis and to enter in actioun and blood against the Clan Gregour . . . for ane moneth upoun thair awne chargeis."

1611. January. *(Clan Gregour, Act of Privy Council).*—The wicked and rebellious thieves and limmers called the Clan Gregour, "being now disperat and oute of all hoip to ressave any favour or mercye, seeing thair awne guiltie consciences beiris thame testimonie and record that thair detestable and barbarous conversatioun hes so far exceidit the limitis of grace and favour as nothing can be expectit bot his Majestei's just wraithe to be prosequute aganis thame with all

severitie, have now amassit thameselffis togidder in the yle of the loiche of Loch Kitterine, whilk thay haif fortifeit with mew, victuall, poulder, bullett, and uther weirlyke furnitour, intending to keepe the same as aue place of weare and defence for withstanding and resisting of his Majestei's forceis appointit to persew thame." On this account, "seeing there is now some solide and substantious course and ordour sett downe how thir wolffis and thevis may be persewit within thair awne den and hoill by the force and power of some of his Majestei's faithfull and weel affectit subjectis, who freelie haif undertane the service, and will prosequute the same without any privat respect or consideratioun, necessair it is for the executioun of this service that the haill boittis and birlingis being upoun Lochloumond be transportit fra the said Loiche to the loch foirsaid of Loch Kitterine, whairby the forceis appointit for the persute of the saidis woulffis and thevis may be transported into the said yll whiche can not goodlie be done bot be the presence and assistance of a grite nomber of people." There is therefore order to charge all the lieges between 60 and 16 years of age within the shire of Dunbartane, the Stewartry of Menteith, and six parishes of the Lennox in the shire of Striviling, by proclamation at the market crosses of Dunbartane, Striviling, and Downe in Menteith, to meet well-armed at the head of Loch Lowmond on the 12th of February now approaching, and carry from the said isle all the boats to Loch Kitterine, whereby his Majesty's forces appointed for "hunting of the saidis woulffis and thevis may be transportit into the yle within the said loiche," under pain of loss of life, lands, and goods.

1611, 19 Februar. *Privy Council—(Clan Gregour).* —As albeit Johnne, Earl of Tullibardin (and others, as above) promised on 31 January "to go to the fieldis" against the Clan Gregour by 13th inst.: yet that day is now past and nothing is yet done in that service, "bot the same is altogiddar frustrat, and the Clan Gregour, who wer incloised within ane yll, and grite hoipes had and promissis maid that thay sould not haif gotten furth thairof while the service had tane some beginning aganis thame in the yll, ar now eschaiped and gotten oute, and not so muche as ane mynt or show of persute intendit agains thame, bot the undertakaris, every one in thair severall discourssis, doing what in thame lyis to vindicat thameselffs frome all imputatioun of sleuthe, negligence, or neglect of dewtie in that point," there is order to charge the said Commissioners to answer before the Council on 28th inst. to the premisses, under pain of rebellion.

They accordingly appeared before the Privy Council on that day, and were ordained to return home, so that the Clan Gregour may have no reset within their bounds.*

1612. *Privy Council. Decretum. Glenfinglas.*—Complaint by James Earl of Moray, heritable forester and keeper of his Majesty's Forest of Glenfinglas, and

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* A cluster of Acts of Privy Council is recorded (1610-12) relative to the determined endeavour to exterminate the wild Clan Gregour. The reader of the "Legend of Montrose" will remember the "children of the mist," the hunted remnant of the clan; and an essential point in Sir Walter's "Rob Roy" is the fact that that hero of the clan assumed the name of Campbell. Macgregor of Glengyle, Rob's nephew, took the name of Graham.

by Sir William Oliphant of Newtoun, King's Advocate, as follows: In violation of the statutes against bearing hagbuts,* and pistolets, and against shooting and killing his Majesty's deer in any of his parks or forests, Johnne Stewart in Strongarvalt, Waltir, Patrik, and Duncane Stewartis, his brothers, Andro M'Farlane in Letter, . . . William Buchannane in Glengyle, Johnne Grahame, son of Alexander Grahame, in Craiguchtie, . . . Robert M'Clawrane in Balquhidder, . . . Donald M'Callum there, Gregor M'Gregour M'Coull in——, and Duncane Fergusoun in Strathyre, have constantly and almost every day in all the months of the year 1611 . . . come to his Majesty's forest of Glenfinglas, and there with "hagbuts, bowis, and utheris ingynis," shot and destroyed great quantities of deer. Thus on 10th June last, the said John Grahame "come to the said forrest, leading in his hand ane hound callit ane bloodhound, and thair set the same hound lous in his Majestie's said forrest, and thairwith upoun the serst of the blood of the said deir as wes formerlie hurt be the saidis personis, the said hound following and chasing the hurte deer, never ceasit untill he wirreit and slew the same." By such means not only have many of his Majesty's deer been slain, but the rest of them have been driven out of the bounds of the said forest. The King's Advocate appearing for the pursuit, with David Halden as procurator for the Earl of Moray, the said defenders are all to be denounced rebels for not appearing.†

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* *Hagbut*, or *croche*, or *crochert*, an ancient fire-arm.

† In Glenfinglas, near above Bridge of Turk, the name of a hillock

"A Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland," by the Hon. Mrs. Murray, of Kensington, published in 1799.

Although it ceased to rain, all nature was weeping when I came to the foot of Glen Finglass, with a river issuing thence, over which is a frail footbridge of considerable breadth, made of birchwood intertwined, and covered with sod. As I entered the ford, the scene was solemn, gloomy, and wonderfully awful. I was alone in the chaise, but I had confidence in my faithful driver Allen, therefore my mind was perfectly free from all sensations but those produced by the extraordinary scenery around me. On the right, a few scattered huts, and the river roaring from the deep glen, at that part darkened almost to night by the high-towering crags of the forest of Glen Finglass covered with wood. The river, though loudly heard, was scarcely to be seen for the abundance of large trees; some tall and straight as the pine, others spreading wide and embracing each other from bank to bank, bending over the broken flood, which was furiously advancing to the green bridge.

To the left, Loch-a-chravy, closely surrounded by

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still survives (1908), *Toimh-na-gharran*, or *gadhar*, the knoll of the hounds; probably the site of the King's Kennel.

There is also near by, *Dalmharcaich*, the field of horsemen. Further up the glen there is *Crochan-nan-coilleach*, the black-cocks mound, where these sporting birds may still be annually seen at tournament, surrounded by their admiring ladies. It has evidently been a chosen jousting ground for centuries.

hills of every shape, with the river I was crossing flowing into it. To the head of the horses, a quick short turn from the ford to a road just the width of the chaise, cut close at the edge of the lake on the left hand; and to the right, rocks rising perpendicularly, with branches of trees and shrubs of all sizes and descriptions starting from every crevice of the craggy forest. The awfulness, the solemnity, and the sublimity of the scene at the ford, and by Loch-a-chravy's side, to the entrance to the foot of Loch Catheine, is beyond, far beyond description, either of pen or pencil! Nothing but the eye can convey to the mind such scenery: well may it be called Loch-a-chravy, the lake of the field of devotion. When I quitted the narrow road under the rocks, by the side of Loch-a-chravy, it became amazingly jumbling and winding, amongst various shaped rocks and crags, covered with wood, and rended chasms deep and dark on every side; no trace of man or living thing to be seen; every sound reverberated from rock to rock, flying through the gloomy labyrinth to announce the approach of unhallowed steps. My heart was raised in awe to heaven's solemnity, whilst that of my poor man was depressed to the dread of hell. He was walking somewhat before the horses, who were step by step thumping the carriage over rocks, when he suddenly stopt the chaise, and coming to me with a long face said: "Madam, I believe the devil is in this place! Do you hear that noise?" All was echo; the whistle of a bird, the sound of the foot of an animal, the rustling of the wind among the trees, the gush of a torrent, or the fall of a pebble, resounded through the solemn pass as through a ruined cloister. I listened—it was a sonorous deep noise dying away, and again

regularly resuming the same key. I had no fears, and bid the men advance. But the road getting worse, and the pass narrowing, I got out of the carriage, thinking it more advisable to explore it on my own legs than shut up in the chaise. I thus became the vanguard of my servants, as the fittest person to encounter the devils, should they have taken possession of the field of devotion.

When I caught the first glance of Loch Catheine, I was astonished, I was delighted—a faint ray of sun was just then penetrating through the mist, still resting on the tops of the surrounding mountains and crags, tinging the wood on their sides, and gleaming on the beautiful islands in the lake. The devils too, greatly added to the beauty of the foreground. They were in a large boat, throwing from it upon the shore logs of wood, which they had brought from the head of the lake. This was a very fortunate circumstance, as it enabled me to be rowed about the lake as much as I chose. It was a mere chance, but a lucky one for me, that a boat should then be at that end of the lake. Whilst the innocent devils were finishing their work, I walked up the road, cut out in steps on the crags hanging over the lake to the north, to a high point, whence I saw the chief part of the loch, which lies nearly from west to east. The view from that point to the foot of the lake, which is the east end, over the islands, and to the mountains on the south side of the lake, belonging to the Duke of Montrose, is beautiful; but that part of it may truly be called sublime where the lake runs off by a river that conveys the water of it through the awful pass to Loch-a-chravy.

I was very sorry I could not see the shape of Stuic-

a-chroin,* or the Peak of Rutting, on the south side of Loch Catheine, but it had on it an impenetrable cap of mist. At the south side of the Peak of Rutting is Loch Chroin and Choir-a-chroin, the Valley of Rutting. From the high point I was upon, I perceived my boatmen had finished their task, and were rowing to take me up. I therefore descended to the edge of the lake, and with some little scrambling embarked. They rowed me to the Den of the Ghost, and under the solid rock which rises two hundred feet perpendicular above the level of the lake; also round the beautiful wooded island, and to the foot of the lake. While I was sketching a few of the enchanting beauties of that part of the loch, I perceived Allen in a wicker sheelin (a kind of shepherd's hut), very busy. I was glad to see it, as a proof that he was not ready for our departure, and therefore would bear the length of time I was on the lake more patiently than he otherwise might have done. I afterwards learnt the real cause of the bustle in the sheelin: it was Allen cleaning his horses after the following accident. As soon as I had gratified myself with the first sight of Loch Catheine, I took my servant with me, and walked on, as I have mentioned, to the high point, there to wait for the boat. As soon as I had departed, Allen loosened the horses from the carriage, and I suppose began to gaze at the wonders of the Trosacks (the scenery around Loch Catheine being so called) before he gave them their feed of corn. What with the admiration of the harmless devils, and the astonishing scenery around him, Allen forgot his poor horses; they strayed, but not many yards before

* Evidently a mistake for Ben Venue.

they were bogged, almost over their backs, and it was with very great difficulty they could be extricated. Indeed I believe it hurt them very much, for they soon after became extremely thin and weak. It was impossible to be more wet and dirty than I was, I therefore returned through the pass on foot, picking up odd looking stones, washed from the mountains, till I came to Loch-a-chravy. I should have been saved an alarm had I continued on foot, and repassed the river Finglass by the turf bridge. In going into the river, in order to avoid the crumbling bank, the carriage took a somewhat greater sweep, and thereby got into a deeper part of the water, and I believe off the ford; and to mend the matter the wheel mounted on an unseen piece of slippery rock, which was within a trifle of tipping me over. But happily the wheel slipped off the stone, and the carriage recovered its equipoise, without further harm than making our hearts jump, and a loud oh! from me. This might have proved a fatal circumstance, which roused me for a moment from my enthusiastic reverie at quitting the Field of Devotion.

It soon after began to rain, and all the scenes I had passed in the morning were obscured by mist and the approach of night, for it was scarcely driving light when I reached Callender. On entering the inn I found my rooms stripped of their carpets to cover new-made or new-making hay ricks, in order to screen them from the rain, and it was then so late as the 20th of September.

The next day I took a little boy for my guide, and proceeded to Brackland Brig . . .

"*Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, A.D. 1803,*" *by Dorothy Wordsworth, Edited by Principal Shairp, LL.D., 1874.*

Friday, August 26th, 1803.

After leaving Inversneyde, pursued the road, a mountain horse-track, till we came to a corner of what seemed the head of Loch Ketterine, and there sat down, completely tired and hopeleas as to the rest of our journey. The road ended at the shore, and no houses were to be seen on the opposite side, except a few widely-parted huts, and on the near side was a trackless heath. The land at the head of the lake was but a continuation of the common we had come along, and was covered with heather, intersected by a few straggling footpaths.

Coleridge and I were faint with hunger, and could go no further till we had refreshed ourselves. So we ate up one of our fowls, and drank of the water of Loch Ketterine; but William could not be easy till he had examined the coast, so he left us, and made his way along the moor, across the head of the lake. Coleridge and I, as we sat, had what seemed to us but a dreary prospect, a waste of unknown ground, which we guessed we must travel over, before it was possible for us to find a shelter. We saw a long way down the lake; it was all moor on the near side; on the other, the hills were steep from the water, and there were large coppice-woods, but no cheerful green fields, and no road that we could see; we knew, however, that there must be a road from house to house; but the whole lake appeared a solitude. When we first came in view of it, we had said it was like a barren Ullswater—Ullswater dismantled of its grandeur, and cropped of its lesser

beauties. When I had swallowed my dinner, I hastened after William, and Coleridge followed me. Walked through the heather with some labour for perhaps half-a-mile, and found William sitting on the top of a small eminence, whence we saw the real head of the lake, which was pushed up into the vale a considerable way beyond the promontory where we now sat. The view up the lake was very pleasing, resembling Thirlmere below Armath. There were rocky promontories and woody islands, and what was most cheering to us, a neat white house on the opposite shore; but we could see no boats, so in order to get to it, we should be obliged to go round the head of the lake, a long and weary way.

After Coleridge came up to us, while we were debating whether we should turn back or go forward, we espied a man on horseback at a little distance, with a boy following him on foot, no doubt a welcome sight, and we hailed him. We should have been glad to have seen either man, woman, or child at this time, but there was something uncommon and interesting in this man's appearance which would have fixed our attention wherever we had met him. He was a complete Highlander in dress, figure, and face, and a very fine-looking man, hardy and vigorous, though past his prime. While he stood waiting for us in his bonnet and plaid, which never look more graceful than on horseback, I forgot our errand, and only felt glad that we were in the Highlands. William accosted him with, "Sir, do you speak English?" He replied, "A little." He spoke, however, sufficiently well for our purpose, and very distinctly, as all the Highlanders do, who learn English as a foreign language; but in a long conversa-

tion they want words; he informed us that he himself was going beyond the Trossachs to Callander, that no boats were kept to "let," but there were two gentlemen's houses at this end of the lake, one of which we could not yet see, it being hidden from us by a part of the hill on which we stood. The other house was that which we saw opposite to us; both the gentlemen kept boats, and probably might be able to spare one of their servants to go with us. After we had asked many questions, which the Highlander answered with patience and courtesy, he parted from us, going along a sort of horse-track, which a foot-passenger, if he once got into it, need not lose if he be careful. Pursued the horse-track, and soon came in sight of the other gentleman's house, which stood on the opposite side of the vale, a little above the lake. It was a white house; no trees near it except a new plantation of firs, but the fields were green, sprinkled over with hay-cocks, and the brook which comes down the valley and falls into the lake ran through them. . . . Our road was rough, and not easy to be kept. It was between five and six o'clock when we reached the brookside, where Coleridge and I stopped, and William went up towards the house, which was in a field, where about half-a-dozen people were at work. He addressed himself to one who appeared like the master, and all drew near him, staring at William as nobody could have stared but out of sheer rudeness, except in such a lonely place. He told his tale, and enquired about boats; there were no boats, and no lodging nearer than Callander, ten miles beyond the foot of the lake. A laugh was on every face when William said we were come to see the Trossachs; no doubt they thought we had better have stayed at our

own homes. William endeavoured to make it appear not so very foolish by informing them that it was a place much celebrated in England, though perhaps little thought of by them, and that we only differed from many of our countrymen in having come the wrong way, in consequence of an erroneous direction.

After a little time the gentleman said we should be accommodated with such beds as they had, and should be welcome to rest in their house if we pleased. William came back for Coleridge and me: the men all stood at the door to receive us, and now their behaviour was perfectly courteous. We were conducted into the house by the same man who had directed us hither on the other side of the lake, and afterwards we learned that he was the father of our hostess. He showed us into a room upstairs, begged we would sit at our ease, walk out, or do just as we pleased. It was a large, square, deal wainscotted room, the wainscot black with age, yet had never been painted: it did not look like an English room, and yet I do not know in what it differed, except that in England it is not common to see so large and well built a room so ill furnished; there were two or three large tables, and a few old chairs of different sorts, as if they had been picked up, one did not know how, at sales, or had belonged to different rooms of the house, ever since it was built. We sat perhaps three quarters of an hour, and I was about to carry down our wet coffee and sugar and ask leave to boil it, when the mistress of the house entered, a tall fine-looking woman, neatly dressed in a dark-coloured gown, with a white handkerchief tied round her head; she spoke to us in a very pleasing manner, begging permission to make tea for us; an offer which we

thankfully accepted. Encouraged by the sweetness of her manners, I went downstairs to dry my feet by the kitchen fire; she lent me a pair of stockings, and behaved to me with the utmost attention and kindness. She carried the tea things into the room herself, leaving me to make tea, and set before us cheese and butter and barley cakes. These cakes are as thin as our oat bread, but instead of being crisp, are soft and leathery, yet we being hungry, and the butter delicious, ate them with great pleasure, but when the same bread was set before us afterwards, we did not like it. After tea William and I walked out: we amused ourselves by watching the Highlanders at work. They went leisurely about everything, and whatever was to be done, all followed, old men and young, and little children. We were driven into the house by a shower, which came on with the evening darkness, and the people leaving their work paused at the same time. I was pleased to see them a while after sitting round a blazing fire in the kitchen, father and son-in-law, master and man, and the mother with her little child on her knee. When I had been there before tea, I had observed what a contrast there was between the mistress and her kitchen; she did not differ in appearance from an English country lady, but her kitchen, roof, walls, and floor of mud, was all black alike; yet now with the light of a bright fire upon so many happy countenances, the whole room made a pretty sight. We heard the company laughing and talking long after we were in bed; indeed I believe they never work till they are tired. The children could not speak a word of English. They were very shy at first, but after I had caressed the eldest, and given her a red leather purse, with which

she was delighted, she took hold of my hand and hung about me, changing her sidelong looks for pretty smiles. Her mother lamented they were so far from school, they should be obliged to send the children down into the lowlands to be taught reading and English. Callander, the nearest town, was twenty miles from them, and it was only a small place; they had their groceries from Glasgow. She said that at Callander was their nearest church, but sometimes "got a preaching at the Garrison." In explaining herself she informed us that the large building which had puzzled us in the morning had been built by Government at the request of one of the Dukes of Montrose, for the defence of his domains against the attacks of Rob Roy. I will not answer for the truth of this; perhaps it might have been built for this purpose, and as a check on the Highlands in general; certain it is, however, that it was a garrison; soldiers used to be constantly stationed there, and have only been withdrawn within the last thirteen or fourteen years Mrs. Macfarlane attended me to my room; she said she hoped I would be able to sleep upon blankets, and said they were fresh from "the fauld."

Saturday, August 27th.

Before I rose, Mrs. Macfarlane came into my room to see if I wanted anything, and told me she should send the servant up with a basin of whey, saying, "We make very good whey in this country." Indeed I thought it the best I had ever tasted; but I cannot tell how this should be, for they only make skimmed milk cheeses. I asked her for a little bread and milk for our breakfast, but she said it would be no trouble to

make tea, as she must make it for the family; so we all breakfasted together. The cheese was set out as before, with plenty of butter and barley cakes, and fresh baked oaten cakes, which no doubt were made for us; they had been kneaded with cream, and were excellent. All the party pressed us to eat, and were very jocose about the necessity of helping out their coarse bread with butter, and they themselves ate almost as much butter as bread. In talking of the French and the present times, their language was what most people would call Jacobinical. They spoke much of the oppressions endured by the Highlanders further up, of the absolute impossibility of their living in any comfort, and of the cruelty of laying so many restraints on emigration. Then they spoke with animation of the attachment of the clans to their lairds; "the laird of this place, Glengyle, where we live, could have commanded so many men, who would have followed him to the death; and now there are none left."

It appeared that Mr. Macfarlane and his wife's brother, Mr. Macalpine, farmed the place, inclusive of the whole vale upwards to the mountains, and the mountains themselves, under the lady of Glengyle, the mother of the young laird, a minor. It was a sheep farm.

Speaking of another neighbouring laird, they said he had gone, like the rest of them, to Edinburgh; left his lands and his own people, spending his money where it brought him not any esteem, so that he was of no value either at home or abroad. We mentioned Rob Roy, and the eyes of all glistened; even the lady of the house, who was very diffident, and no great talker, explained, "He was a good man, Rob Roy." He had been dead

only about 80 years, had lived in the next farm, which belonged to him, and there his bones were laid.* . . .

Rob Roy was as famous here as ever Robin Hood was in the forest of Sherwood. He also robbed from the rich, giving to the poor, and defending them from oppression. They tell of his confining the factor of the Duke of Montrose on one of the islands of Loch Ketterine, after having taken his money from him—the Duke's rents—in open day, while they were sitting at table. He was a formidable enemy of the Duke, but being a small laird against a greater, was overcome at last, and forced to resign all his lands on the braes of Loch Lomond, including the caves which we visited, on account of the money he had taken from the Duke, and could not repay.

When breakfast was ended the mistress desired the person whom we took to be her husband to "return thanks." He said a short grace, and in a few minutes they all went off to their work. We saw them about the door, following one another like a flock of sheep, with the children after, whatever job they were engaged in. Mrs. Macfarlane told me she would show me the burial-place of the lairds of Glengyle, and took me to a square enclosure like a pinfold, with a stone ball at every corner; we had noticed it the evening before, and wondered what it could be. It was in the middle of a "planting" as they call plantations, which were enclosed for the preservation of the trees, therefore we had to climb over a high wall; it was a dismal spot,

* There is a mistake here. His bones were laid about 15 or 20 miles from thence, in Balquhidder Kirk-yard. But it was under the belief that his grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine that Wordsworth's well-known poem on Rob Roy's grave was composed.

containing four or five graves, overgrown with long grass, nettles, and brambles. Against the wall was a marble monument to the memory of one of the lairds, of whom they spoke with veneration. Some English verses were inscribed upon the marble, purporting that he had been the father of his clan, a brave and good man.* When we returned to the house, she said she would show me what curious feathers they had in their country, and brought out a bunch carefully wrapped up in paper. On asking her what bird they came from, "Oh," she replied, "it is a great beast." We conjectured it was an eagle, and from her description of its ways, and the manner of destroying it, we knew it was so. She begged me to accept of some of the feathers, telling me that some ladies wore them in their heads. I was much pleased with the gift, which I shall preserve in memory of her kindness, and simplicity of manners, and the Highland solitude where she lived.

We took leave of the family with regret; they were handsome, healthy, and happy-looking people. It was ten o'clock when we departed. We had learned that there was a ferry-boat kept at three miles distance, and if the man was at home, he would row us down the lake to the Trossachs. Our walk was mostly through coppice-woods, along a horse road, upon which narrow carts might travel. Passed that white house which had looked at us with such a friendly face when we were on the other side; it stood on the slope of a hill, with green pastures below it, plots of corn and coppice-wood, and behind, a rocky steep covered with wood. . . .

* Miss Wordsworth mentions in her MS., "The Lady of Glengyle has a house not far from the ferry-house, but she now lives mostly at Callander for the sake of educating her son."

Near to the white house, we passed by another of those little pinfold squares, which we knew to be a burying-place; it was in a sloping green field among woods, and within sound of the beating of the water against the shore, if there were but a gentle breeze to stir it. I thought if I lived in that house, and my ancestors and kindred were buried there, I should sit many an hour under the walls of this plot of earth, where all the household would be gathered together. We found the ferryman at work in the field above his hut, and he was at liberty to go with us, but being wet and hungry, we begged that he would let us sit by his fire till we had refreshed ourselves. This was the first genuine Highland hut we had been in. We entered by the cow-house, the house-door being within, at right angles to the outer door. The woman was distressed that she had a bad fire, but she heaped up some dry peats and heather, and blowing it with her breath, in a short time raised a blaze that scorched us into comfortable feelings. A small part of the smoke found its way out of the hole of the chimney, the rest through the open window-places, one of which was within the recess of the fireplace, and made a frame to a little picture of the restless lake, and the opposite shore, seen when the outer door was open. The woman of the house was very kind; whenever we asked her for anything, it seemed a fresh pleasure for her that she had it for us; she always answered with a sort of softening down of the Scotch exclamation, "Hoot! Ho! yes, ye'll get that," and hied to her cupboard in the spence. We were amused with the phrase, "ye'll get that," in the Highlands, which appeared to us as if it came from a perpetual feeling of the difficulty with which most

things are procured. We got oatmeal, butter, bread, and milk, made some porridge, and then departed. It was raining and cold, with a strong wind.

Coleridge was afraid of the cold in the boat, so he determined to walk down the lake, pursuing the same road we had come along. There was nothing very interesting for the first three or four miles on either side of the water; to the right, uncultivated heath or poor coppice-wood, and to the left, a scattering of meadow ground, patches of corn, coppice-woods, and here and there a cottage. The wind fell, and it began to rain heavily. On this William wrapped himself in the boatman's plaid, and lay at the bottom of the boat till we came to a place where I could not help rousing him.

We were rowing down that side of the lake which had hitherto been little else than a moorish ridge. After turning a rocky point we came to a bay closed in by rocks and steep woods, chiefly of full-grown birch. The lake was elsewhere ruffled, but at the entrance of this bay the breezes sunk, and it was calm; a small island was near, and the opposite shore, covered with wood, looked soft through the misty rain. William, rubbing his eyes, for he had been asleep, called out that he hoped I had not let him pass by anything that was so beautiful as this; and I was glad to tell him that it was but the beginning of a new land. After we had left this bay we saw before us a long reach of woods and rocks and rocky points, that promised other bays more beautiful than what we had passed. The ferryman was a good natured fellow, and rowed very industriously, following the ins and outs of the shore; he was delighted with the pleasure we expressed, continually

repeating how pleasant it would have been on a fine day. I believe he was attached to the lake by some sentiment of pride as his own domain—his being almost the only boat upon it—which made him, seeing we were willing gazers, take far more pains than an ordinary boatman; he would often say, after he had compassed the turning of a point, "This is a bonny part," and he always chose the bonniest, with greater skill than our prospect-hunters and "picturesque travellers:" places screened from the winds—that was the first point, the rest followed of course—richer growing trees, rocks and banks, and curves which the eye delights in.

The second bay we came to differed from the rest; the hills retired a short space from the lake, leaving a few level fields between, on which was a cottage embosomed in trees; the bay was defended by rocks at each end, and the hills behind made a shelter for the cottage, the only dwelling, I believe, except one, on this side of Loch Ketterine. We now came to steeps that rose directly from the lake, and passed by a place called in the Gaelic the "Den of the Ghosts," * which reminded us of Lodore; it is a rock, or mass of rock, with a stream of large black stones like the naked or dried-up bed of a torrent down the side of it; birch trees start out of the rock in every direction, and cover the hill above further than we could see. . . . Our delight increased as we advanced, till we came in view of the termination of the lake, seeing where the river issues out of it through a narrow chasm between the hills.

Here I ought to rest, as we rested, and attempt to

* Goblins' Cave (Coir nan Uriskin).

give utterance to our pleasure. . . . All that we beheld was the perfection of loveliness and beauty.

Just as we came in sight of two huts, which have been built by Lady Perth as a shelter for those who visit the Trossachs, Coleridge hailed us with a shout of triumph from the door of one of them, exulting in the glory of Scotland. The huts stand at a small distance from each other, on a high and perpendicular rock that rises from the bed of the lake. A road, which has a very wild appearance, has been cut through the rock; yet even here, among these bold precipices, the feeling of excessive beautifulness overcomes every other. While we were upon the lake, on every side of us were bays within bays, often more like tiny lakes or pools than bays, and these not in long succession only, but all round, some almost on the broad breast of the water, the promontories shot out so far.

After we had landed we walked along the road to the uppermost of the huts, where Coleridge was standing. From the door of this hut we saw Benvenue opposite to us—a high mountain, but clouds concealed its top; its side rising directly from the lake, is covered with birch trees to a great height, and seamed with innumerable channels of torrents; but now there was no water in them, nothing to break in on the stillness and repose of the scene; nor do I recollect hearing the sound of water from any side, the wind being fallen, and the lake perfectly still; the place was all eye, and completely satisfied the sense and the heart. Above and below us, to the right and the left, were rocks, knolls, and hills, which wherever anything could grow—and that was everywhere between the rocks—were covered with trees and heather; the trees did not in any place grow

so thick as an ordinary wood; yet I think there was never a bare space of twenty yards; it was more like a natural forest, where the trees grow in groups or singly, not hiding the surface of the ground, which instead of being green and mossy was of the richest purple. The heather was indeed the most luxuriant I ever saw; it was so tall that a child of ten years old struggling through it would often have been buried head and shoulders, and the exquisite beauty of the colour, near or at a distance, seen under the trees, is not to be conceived. But if I were to go on describing for evermore, I should give but a faint and very often a false idea of the different objects and the various combinations of them in this most intricate and delicious place. This reminds me of a sentence written by the minister of Callander descriptive of the environs of that place. After having taken up at least six closely printed pages with the Trossachs, he concludes thus, "In a word, the Trossachs beggar all description,"* a conclusion in which everyone who has been there will agree with him. I believe the word Trossachs signifies "many hills." It is a name given to all the eminences

* Here Miss Wordsworth's little sarcasm is scarcely fair. She (like her predecessor, the Hon. Mrs. Murray) was indebted to the previously published "Account of the Parish of Callander," by the Rev. Dr. Robertson, minister of Callander, in the "Statistical Account of Scotland." He wrote his account in 1791. In his fine description of the scenery of the Trossachs his words are, "When you enter the Trossachs, there is such an assemblage of wildness and of rude grandeur, as beggars all description, and fills the mind with the most sublime conceptions." But at this time of day, 100 years after, we need not too closely criticise the mis-quotations of the early and adventurous lady-explorers, who have left us valuable descriptions of what they saw in the foreign land of Scotland.—W.W.

at the foot of Loch Ketterine, and about half-a-mile beyond.

We left the hut, retracing the few yards of road which we had climbed; our boat lay at anchor under the rock, in the last of all the compartments of the lake, a small oblong pool, almost shut up within itself, as several others had appeared to be, by jutting points of rock. The termination of a long out-shooting of the water, pushed up between the steps of the main shore, where the huts stand, and a broad promontory. . . . Our mother Eve had no fairer, though a more diversified garden to tend than we found within this little close valley.

At the opening of the pass we climbed up a low eminence, and had an unexpected prospect suddenly before us—another lake, small compared with Loch Ketterine, though perhaps four miles long, but the misty air concealed the end of it. The transition from the solitary wilderness of Loch Ketterine and the narrow valley or pass to this scene was very delightful: it was a gentle place, with lovely open bays, one small island, cornfields, woods, and a group of cottages. This vale seemed to have been made to be tributary to the comforts of man, Loch Ketterine for the lonely delight of Nature, and kind spirits delighting in beauty. . . . This small lake is called Loch Achray.

We returned of course by the same road. Our guide repeated over and over again his lamentations that the day was so bad, though we had often told him, not indeed with much hope that he would believe us, that we were glad of it. As we walked along he pulled a leafy twig from a birch tree, and after smelling it gave it to me, saying how "sweet and halesome" it was, and

that it was pleasant and very halesome on a fine summer's morning to sail under the banks where the birks are growing. This reminded me of the old Scotch songs, in which you continually hear of the "pu'ing the birks." . . . We returned again to the huts to take a farewell look. We had shared our food with the ferryman and a traveller whom we had met here, who was going up the lake, and wished to lodge at the ferry-house, so we offered him a place in the boat. Coleridge chose to walk. It was dark when we landed, and on entering the house I was sick with cold.

The good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and indeed when I sate down in the chimney-corner of her smoky biggin' I thought I had never been more comfortable in my life. Coleridge had been there long enough to have a pan of coffee boiling for us, and having put our clothes in the way of drying, we all sate down, thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon the man of the house to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did, though most willingly, not very expeditiously. A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness, however erroneous and painful to us, naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird. He did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whisky-bottle at our request. "She keeps a dram," as the phrase is; indeed I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside in Scotland where

travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk, and with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, "Ye'll get that," bringing each article separately.

We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were; the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls, and above our heads in the chimney, where the hens were roosting, like light clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke. They had been crusted over and varnished by many winters, till where the firelight fell upon them they were as glossy as black rocks on a sunny day cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper, we sat about half-an-hour, and I think I had never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of this, his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say was "bonnier than Loch Lomond."

Our companion from the Trossachs, who it appeared was an Edinburgh drawing-master, going during the vacation on a pedestrian tour to John o' Groat's House, was to sleep in the barn with William and Coleridge, where the man said he had plenty of dry hay. I do not believe that the hay of the Highlands is often very dry, but this year it had a better chance than usual. Wet or dry, however, the next morning they said they had

slept comfortably. When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to go "ben," attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not "sic as I had been used to." It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, on one of which stood the milk in wooden vessels covered over; I should have thought that milk so kept could not have been sweet, but the cheese and butter were good. The walls of the whole house were of stone unplastered. It consisted of three apartments, the cow-house at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end. The rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other.

I went to bed some time before the family. The door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see, but the light it sent up among the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under boughs of a large beech tree withered by the depth of the shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other, and yet the colours were more like melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room. I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night, for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean; the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves

beat against the shore of the lake; a little "syke" close to the door made a much louder noise, and when I sate up in my bed I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's-head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trossachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head. I thought of the Fairyland of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times, and then, what a feast would it be for a London pantomime-maker could he but transplant it to Drury Lane, with all its beautiful colours!

Sunday, August 28th.

We were desirous to have crossed the mountains above Glengyle to Glenfalloch, at the head of Loch Lomond, but it rained so heavily that it was impossible, so the ferryman engaged to row us to the point where Coleridge and I had rested, while William was going on our doubtful adventure. The hostess provided us with tea and sugar for our breakfast; the water was boiled in an iron pan, and dealt out to us in a jug, a proof that she does not often drink tea, though she said she had always tea and sugar in the house. She and the rest of the family breakfasted on curds and whey, as taken out of the pot in which she was making cheese; she insisted upon my taking some also, and her husband joined in with the old story, that it was "verra halesome." I thought it exceedingly good, and said to myself that they lived nicely with their cow; she was meat, drink, and company. Before breakfast the housewife was milking behind the chimney, and I thought I had seldom heard a sweeter fireside sound;

in an evening, sitting over a sleepy, low-burnt fire, it would lull one like the purring of a cat.

When we departed, the good woman shook me cordially by the hand, saying she hoped that if ever we came into Scotland again, we would come and see her. Landed at about ten o'clock, almost wet to the skin, and with no prospect but of streaming rains, faced the mountain-road to Loch Lomond.

(Miss Wordsworth goes on to describe the hospitality with which they were received at the ferryman's cottage at Inversnaid, close by the waterfall. There was no inn or hotel there in those days. Most of the neighbours had crossed the loch to church, at Arrochar no doubt, and when the boat returned, "being pressed almost to the water's edge by the weight of its cargo, perhaps twenty people landed, one after another. It did not rain much, but the women held up their umbrellas; they were dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and with their scarlet cardinals, the tartan plaids of the men, and Scotch bonnets, made a gay appearance." It was in recollection of this day that Wordsworth wrote the poem inscribed, "To a Highland girl at Inversneyde."

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
. . . . . .
What joy to hear thee and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee.
. . . . . .
For I, methinks till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
And thee, the Spirit of them all.

At Arrochar, Coleridge, "being very unwell," left the Wordsworths, and went to Edinburgh. Miss Dorothy says, "We portioned out the contents of our purse before our parting." The Wordsworths, brother and sister, went on to Inveraray, by "Rest and be thankful." It was even at that date, 1803, the name of the place. She says, "At the top of the hill we came to a seat with the well-known inscription, 'Rest and be thankful.'" This day was August 29th. They went by Dalmally, Glencoe, Kenmore, Blair-Athole, Crieff, Loch Earn, Strathyre, Callander. They reached Callander on September 10th, "wet and cold, and glad of a good fire. The inn was comfortable; we drank tea, and after tea the waiter presented us with a pamphlet * descriptive of the neighbourhood of Callander, which we brought away with us, and I am very sorry I lost it.")

Sunday, September 11th.

Immediately after breakfast, the morning being fine, we set off with cheerful spirits towards the Trossachs, intending to take up our lodging at the house of our old friend the ferryman. A boy accompanied us to convey the horse and car back to Callander from the head of Loch Achray. The country near Callander is very pleasing, but as almost everywhere else, imperfectly cultivated. The Trossachs, overtopped by Ben Ledi and other high mountains, enclose the lake at the head; and those houses which we had seen before, with their cornfields sloping towards the water, stood

* Probably the description by Mr. Robertson, minister of Callander, as in the "Statistical Account."

very prettily under low woods. The fields did not appear so rich as when we had seen them through the veil of mist; but yet, as in framing our expectations, we had allowed for a much greater difference, so we were even a second time surprised with pleasure at the same spot.

Went as far as these houses of which I have spoken, in the car, and then walked on, intending to pursue the road up Loch Ketterine along which Coleridge had come; but we had resolved to spend some hours in the neighbourhood of the Trossachs, and accordingly crossed the head of Loch Achray, and pursued the brook between the two lakes as far as there was any track. Here we found to our surprise, for we had expected nothing but heath and rocks, like the rest of the neighbourhood of the Trossachs—a secluded farm, a plot of verdant ground with a single cottage and its company of outhouses. We turned back, and went to the very point from which we had first looked upon Loch Achray when we were here with Coleridge. It was no longer a visionary scene; the sun shone into every crevice of the hills, and the mountain tops were clear. After some time we went into the pass from the Trossachs, and were delighted to behold the forms of objects fully revealed, and even surpassing in loveliness and variety what we had conceived. . . . Sat for half-an-hour in Lady Perth's shed, and scrambled over the rocks and through the thickets at the head of the lake. I went till I could make my way no further, and left William to go to the top of the hill, whence he had a distinct view as on a map of the intricacies of the lake and the course of the river. Returned to the huts, and after having taken a second dinner of the food we had

brought from Callander, set our faces towards the head of Loch Ketterine. I can add nothing to my former description of the Trossachs, except that we departed with our old delightful remembrances endeared, and many new ones. The path or road, for it was neither the one nor the other, but something between both, is the pleasantest I have ever travelled in my life for the same length of way, now with marks of sledges or wheels, or none at all, bare or green, as it might happen; now a little descent, now a level; sometimes a shady lane, at others an open track through green pastures; then again it would lead us into thick coppice-woods, which often entirely shut out the lake, and again admitted it by glimpses. We have never had a more delightful walk than this evening. Ben Lomond and the three pointed-topped mountains of Loch Lomond, which we had seen from the Garrison, were very majestic under the clear sky, the lake perfectly calm, the air sweet and mild. I felt that it was much more interesting to visit a place where we have been before than it can possibly be the first time, except under peculiar circumstances. The sun had been set for some time. When being within a quarter of a mile of the ferryman's hut, our path having led us close to the shore of the calm lake, we met two neatly-dressed women, without hats, who had probably been taking their Sunday evening's walk. One of them said to us in a friendly soft tone of voice, "What! you are stepping westward?" I cannot describe how affecting this simple expression was in that remote place, with the western sky in front, yet glowing with the departed sun. William wrote the following poem long after, in remembrance of his feelings and mine:—

"What! you are stepping westward?" Yea,
'Twould be a wildish destiny
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange land, and far from home,
Were in this place the guests of chance.

. . . . . .

The voice was soft; and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake;
The salutation was to me
The very sound of courtesy;
Its power was felt, and while my eye
Was fix'd upon the glowing sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.*

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* Thirty years later, Wordsworth revisited the Trossachs, and commemorated the visit by the following sonnet:—

There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for one
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
That pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral sweeten by a heaven taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

Principal Shairp, comparing the two poems, says, "The earlier poem, one of the most truly ethereal and ideal Wordsworth ever wrote, is filled with the overflowing spirit of life and hope. . . . The later one is stilled down to perfect autumnal quiet. . . . But the sadness has at the heart of it peaceful hope." This is Wordsworth's own comment:—"As recorded in my sister's Journal,

We went up to the door of our boatman's hut as to a home, and scarcely less confident of a cordial welcome than if we had been approaching our own cottage at Grasmere. It had been a very pleasing thought, while we were walking by the side of the beautiful lake, that, few hours as we had been there, there was a home for us in one of its quiet dwellings. Accordingly, so we found it; the good woman, who had been at a preaching by the lake-side, was in her holiday dress at the door, and seemed to be rejoiced at the sight of us. She led us into the hut in haste to supply our wants; we took once more a refreshing meal by her fireside, and though not so merry as the last time, we were not less happy, bating our regrets that Coleridge was not in his old place. I slept in the same bed as before, and listened to the household stream, which now only made a very low murmuring.

Monday, September 12th.

Rejoiced in the morning to see the sun shining upon the hills when I first looked out through the open window-place at my bed's head. We rose early, and after breakfast, our old companion, who was to be our guide for the day, rowed us over the water to the same point where Coleridge and I had sate down and eaten our dinner, while William had gone to survey the unknown coast. We intended to cross Loch Lomond,

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I had first seen the Trossachs in her and Coleridge's company. The sentiment that runs through this sonnet was natural to the season in which I again visited this beautiful spot: but this and some other sonnets that follow, were coloured by the remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he was going." (His voyage for health near the close of his life.)

follow the lake to Glenfalloch, above the head of it, and then come over the mountains to Glengyle, and so down the glen, and passing Mr. Macfarlane's house, back again to the ferryhouse, where we should sleep. So a third time we went through the mountain hollow, now familiar ground. The inhabitants had not yet got in all their hay, and were at work in the fields; our guide often stopped to talk with them, and no doubt was called upon to answer many enquiries respecting us two strangers.

(Here follows a description of the day's expedition, by "Inversneyde," across Loch Lomond, up Glen Falloch, and over the mountain ridge, returning to Glengyle on Loch "Ketterine.")

Descended into Glengyle, above Loch Ketterine, and passed through Mr. Macfarlane's grounds, that is, through the whole of the glen, where there was now no house left but his. We stopped at his door to inquire after the family, though with little hope of finding them at home, having seen a large company at work in a hay-field, whom we conjectured to be his whole household, as it proved, except a servant-maid, who answered our inquiries. We had sent the ferryman forward from the head of the glen to bring the boat round from the place where he left it to the other side of the lake. Passed the same farmhouse we had such good reason to remember, and went up to the burying-ground that stood so sweetly near the waterside. The ferryman had told us that Rob Roy's grave was there, so we could not pass on without going up to the spot.*

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* Regarding this Wordsworth says, "I have since been told that I was misinformed as to the burial-place of Rob Roy; if so, I may

There were several tombstones, but the inscriptions were either worn-out or unintelligible to us, and the place choked up with nettles and brambles. . . . I have nothing here to add, except the following poem which it suggested to William:—

A famous man is Robin Hood,
  The English ballad-singer's joy,
And Scotland boasts of one as good,
  She has her own Rob Roy!

Then clear the weeds from off his grave,
And let us chaunt a passing stave
In honour of that Outlaw brave.

Heaven gave Rob Roy a daring heart
  And wondrous length and strength of arm,
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
  Or keep his friends from harm.

. . . . . .

Said generous Rob, "What need of books?
  Burn all the statutes and their shelves
They stir us up against our kind,
  And worse, against ourselves.

. . . . . .

"The creatures see of flood and field,
  And those that travel on the wind!
With them no strife can last: they live
  In peace, and peace of mind.

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plead in excuse that I wrote on apparent good authority, namely, that of a well-educated lady who lived at the head of the lake, within a mile or less of the point indicated as containing the remains of one so famous in that neighbourhood."

The real burial-place of Rob Roy is the Kirkton of Balquhidder, the grave covered by a grey slab on which a long claymore is roughly engraved.

"For why? Because the good old rule
Suffices them, the simple plan
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

. . . . . .

"All kinds and creatures stand and fall
By strength of prowess or of wit,
'Tis God's appointment who must sway,
And who is to submit.

"Since then," said Robin, "right is plain,
And longest life is but a day,
To have my ends, maintain my rights,
I'll take the shortest way."

And thus among those rocks he lived
Through summer's heat and winter's snow;
The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

So was it—would at least have been
But through untowardness of fate;
For polity was then too strong:
He came an age too late.

Or shall we say an age too soon?
For were the bold man living now,
How might he flourish in his pride
With buds on every bough?

Then Rents and Land-marks, Rights of Chase,
Sheriffs and Factors, Lairds and Thanes,
Would all have seemed but paltry things
Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never lingered here,
To these few meagre vales confined,
But thought how wide the world, the times
How fairly to his mind.

. . . . . .

I would not wrong thee, Champion brave!
  Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all
Here, standing by thy grave.

For thou, although with some wild thoughts,
  Wild chieftain of a savage clan,
Hadst this to boast of—thou didst love
  The Liberty of Man.

Soon after we saw our boat coming over the calm water. It was late in the evening, and I was stiff and weary, as well I might, after such a long and toilsome walk, so it was no poor gratification to sit down and be conscious of advancing in our journey without further labour. . . . We hardly spoke to each other as we moved along receding from the west, which diffused a solemn animation over the lake. The sky was cloudless, and everything seemed at rest except our solitary boat, and the mountain streams, seldom heard, and but faintly. I think I have rarely experienced a more elevated pleasure than during our short voyage of this night. The good woman had long been looking out for us, and had prepared everything for our refreshment; and as soon as we had finished supper, or rather tea, we went to bed. William, I doubt not, rested well, and for my part, I slept as soundly on my chaff-bed as ever I had done in childhood after the long day's playing of a summer's holiday.

Tuesday, 13th September.

Again a fine morning. I strolled into the green field in which the house stands, while the woman was preparing breakfast, and at my return found one of her neighbours sitting by the fire, a feeble, paralytic old

woman. After having inquired concerning our journey the day before, she said, "I have travelled far in my time," and told me she had married an English soldier who had been stationed at the Garrison;* they had had many children, who were all dead or in foreign countries; and she had returned to her native place, where now she had lived several years, and was more comfortable than she could ever have expected to be, being very kindly dealt with by all her neighbours. Pointing to the ferryman and his wife, she said they were accustomed to give her a day of their labour in digging peats, in common with others, and in that manner she was provided with fuel, and by like voluntary contributions, with other necessaries. While this infirm old woman was relating her story in a tremulous voice, I could not but think of the changes of things and the days of her youth, when the shrill fife sounding from the walls of the Garrison made a merry noise through the echoing hills. I asked myself if she were to be carried again to the deserted spot after her course of life, no doubt a troublesome one, would the silence appear to her the silence of desolation or of peace?

After breakfast we took a final leave of our hostess, and attended by her husband, again set forward on foot. My limbs were a little stiff, but the morning being uncommonly fine, I did not fear to aim at the accomplishment of a plan we had laid of returning to Callander by a considerable circuit. We were to go over the

* This is the Inversnaid Garrison, the headquarters of the military who were stationed at various outposts in the district of Loch Katrine, as elsewhere in the Highlands, to quell the Jacobite movement.

mountains from Loch Ketterine, a little below the ferry-house on the same side of the water, descending to Loch Voil, a lake from which issues the stream that flows from Strath Eyer into Loch Lubnaig. Our road, as is generally the case in passing from one vale into another, was through a settling between the hills, not far from a small stream. We had to climb considerably, the mountain being much higher than it appears to be, owing to its retreating in what looks like a gradual slope from the lake, though we found it steep enough in the climbing. Our guide had been born near Loch Voil, and he told us that at the head of the lake, if we would look about it, we should see the burying-place of a part of his family, the MacGregors, a clan who had long possessed that district, a circumstance which he related with no unworthy pride of ancestry. We shook hands with him at parting, not without a hope of again entering his hut in company with others whom we loved.

Continued to walk for a time along the top of the hill, having the high mountains of Loch Voil before us, and Ben Lomond and the steeps of Loch Ketterine behind. . . . As we descended, the scene became more fertile, our way being pleasantly varied—through coppices or open fields, and passing farmhouses, though always with an intermixture of uncultivated ground. It was harvest-time, and the fields were quietly, might I be allowed to say pensively? enlivened by small companies of reapers. It is not uncommon in the more lonely part of the Highlands to see a single person so employed. The following poem was suggested to William by a beautiful sentence in Thomas Wilkinson's "Tour in Scotland"—

Behold her single in the field,
  Yon solitary Highland lass,
Reaping and singing by herself—
  Stop here, or gently pass.
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain.
Oh! listen, for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
  So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
  Among Arabian sands;
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
  Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old unhappy far-off things,
  And battles long ago;—
Or is it some more humble lay—
Familiar matter of to-day—
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sung
  As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
  And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened till I had my fill,
And as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

The poet and his sister spent the night at "Strath Eyer," and she gives an account in her own quietly descriptive style of the household ways of the little inn

where they lodged. "Among other questions the woman of the house asked me the old one over again, if I was married; and when I told her that I was not, she appeared surprised, and as if recollecting herself, said to me, with a pious seriousness, and perfect simplicity, 'To be sure, there is a great promise for virgins in heaven.' "

Next morning they proceeded to Callander, and thence onward on their homeward journey to Grasmere, where they arrived on Sunday, September 25th, 1803, having left home on Sunday, August 14th.

Upon the point of the habitual Sunday travelling of the poet and his sister during their tour, Principal Shairp in his preface quotes the following note made by Miss Wordsworth upon her journal in 1832, nearly 30 years after the tour:—"I find that this tour was both begun and ended on a Sunday. I am sorry that it should have been so, though I hope and trust that our thoughts and feelings were not seldom as pious and serious as if we had duly attended a place devoted to public worship. My sentiments have undergone a great change since 1803, respecting the absolute necessity of keeping the Sabbath by a regular attendance at church."

Principal Shairp comments upon this: "Throughout the whole tour no distinction seems to have been made between Saturday and Sunday. One would have thought that, if nothing else, sympathy at least, which they did not lack, would have led Wordsworth and his sister to turn aside and share the Sabbath worship of the native people. Even the tired jade* might have put

* The pony which accompanied them where roads were possible.

in his claims for his Sabbath rest; not to mention the scandal which the sight of Sunday travellers in lonely parts of Scotland must then have caused, and the name they must many a time have earned for themselves of 'Sabbath-breakers.' This last entry of 1832, however, marks a change, which if it came to Dorothy, came not less decidedly to her brother. This change has been often remarked on, and has been stigmatised by the 'enlightened ones' as 'the reaction.' "

Principal Shairp goes on to point out, very beautifully, the deepening simplicity of Christian faith in the later poems of Wordsworth, as compared with the Nature-worship or Pantheism of the earlier poems.

"Wordsworth and his sister, with their rare gift of soul and eye, saw further into Nature, and felt it more profoundly than common men can, and had no doubt found there something which the gross world dreams not of. . . . When sorrow and bereavement came, and with them the deepened sense of sin and of utter need, they learned that in Nature alone was nothing which in the end they could abide by. They had been true to the lights they had, and they were led on to higher. . . . The poet's later conviction was a riper, more advanced wisdom—not a retrogression."

Principal Shairp makes the following interesting note in the appendix:—

"The world believes, and will continue to believe, that Scott was the first Sassenach who discovered the Trossachs, as it was his poem which gave them their world-wide celebrity. It would probably be as impossible to alter this impression, as it would be to substitute for Shakespeare's Macbeth and Lady Macbeth the very different versions of the facts and characters which

historical research has brought to light. And yet it would be interesting . . . to inquire . . . what first brought the Trossachs into notice, and who first did so? That they had some fame before Scott's poem appeared, is clear, else a stranger like Wordsworth would never have gone so far out of his way to search for them."

He mentions the well-known "Sketches of Picturesque Scenery of Perthshire," by the Rev. Patrick Graham, minister of Aberfoyle (published 1806); but also mentions the earlier description of the Trossachs by the Rev. James Robertson, D.D., minister of Callander, in Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account, and from the fact of his using the expression quoted by Miss Wordsworth, "the Trossachs beggar all description," there is no doubt he was the author of the little pamphlet to which she refers. Miss Spence in her "Caledonian Excursions," 1811, says that the Honourable Mrs. Murray told the minister of Callander that Scott ought to have dedicated "The Lady of the Lake" to her as the discoverer of the Trossachs. "Pray, madam," said the good doctor, "when did you write your Tour?" "In the year 1794." "Then, madam, it is no presumption in me to consider that I was the person who in 1790 made the Trossachs first known, for except to the natives and a few individuals in this neighbourhood, this remarkable place has never been heard of."

This literary argument between lady and minister is amusing, even for its free and easy inaccuracy of years. The dates of the various publications are as follows:—

Rev. Dr. Robertson, of Callander, "Statistical Account," date, - - - - - 1791
Hon. Mrs. Murray, "A Companion and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland," Tour made in 1796, published, - - - 1799
Miss Dorothy Wordsworth, "Recollections of a Tour in Scotland," Tour made in - - 1803
(but not fully published till 1874).
Rev. Patrick Graham, of Aberfoyle, "Picturesque Scenery of Perthshire," published, - 1806
"Lady of the Lake," published, - - - 1810

Moreover, it is very evident to the reader of the lady's book that she makes free use of Dr. Robertson's little pamphlet. One wonders whether the reverend doctor had seen her book before the conversation took place. If so, his avoidance of the obvious retort, is a very pretty bit of courtesy.

W. W.

From "Letters of Dr. John Brown," published in 1907.

In the year of the publication of Miss Wordsworth's Journal (1874), Dr Brown writes of it as follows:—

From Letter to Miss Glass.

"Edinburgh, 19th April, 1874.

" . . . You will be delighted with Dora Wordsworth's Journal in 1803 in Scotland, with Wordsworth —'William,' as she calls the mighty being—and Coleridge. It is simply delicious, and has the thymy breath and free air of the braes and hills, the very breath of Nature, and that steady, deep sense that Nature is the art of God. I will send you a copy;

Shairp and I are editing it. . . . You are right in the main about Wordsworth. They have the dew of their youth these earlier ones, a bloom of their own, but the older ones have a depth and sad sweetness, also their own, with much prosaic stuff!"

From Letter to Sir Henry Taylor.

"Edinburgh, July 27th, 1874.

" . . . I agree with you as to Dora's Journal, but I like those lapses into level commonplace; they are like the pauses of moorland in an intense Highland landscape, and I never weary of her prattle."

"A Tour in the Highlands in 1803."—A Series of Letters, by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Reprinted from the "Scottish Review." (Alex. Gardner, Paisley, 1888.)

The preface bears that the letters were discovered by Mrs. Garden, daughter of James Hogg, among her father's papers, but it is unknown whether they were ever sent to Sir Walter. The whole series gives a fascinating description of Highland life and ways during a prolonged tour more than 100 years ago.

At Kilmahog, a paltry village a mile beyond Callander, I parted with MacMillan, and crossing the Teith, turning to the left. You may guess that I was glad at getting safely past this village, for its name signifies "The burial place of Hogg." It is pleasantly situated on the north-east bank of the river, and is intersected by a dam over which have been erected several buildings. I proceeded several miles without

meeting anything remarkable. I went quite out of my road to see Glenfinlas, merely because it was the scene of a poem in which I delighted,* but could see nothing more than in other places. The hills were covered with mist down to the middle; yet I saw enough to convince me that it was an excellent sheep-range. Returning, I went by the Bridge of Turk, passing a little curiously shaped hill covered with wood, which, with the shores of Loch Vennachar, are worthy of going a good way to view, even although the Trossachs were not beyond them. But the description of these I must defer until my next, and shall close this as soon as I have reminded you that I have now come above an hundred miles, which would have been four letters at least, last year.

I remain, sir, your ever faithful,

J. H.

Dear Sir,

As I know that you have seen the Trossachs yourself, and as so many have seen them, and have no doubt described them minutely, I will not attempt a particular description of them, but they are indeed the most confused piece of Nature's workmanship that I ever saw, consisting of a thousand little ragged eminences all overhung with bushes, intersected with interstices the most intricate and winding imaginable.

On entering among them, surely, said I mentally, Nature hath thrown these together in a rage. But on seeing the spreading bushes overhanging the rocks, and hearing the melody of the birds I softened the idea into one of her whims. But as I had set out with a mind

* Sir Walter Scott's *Ballad of Glenfinlas.*

so intent on viewing the scenery of the Highlands, and coming to such an interesting place on the very first day that I entered them, I was more than ordinarily delighted. It was a little past noon on a Sabbath day when I arrived there. The air was unusually still and dark, not a breath moved the leaves that hung floating over the impending precipices of the Trossachs, nor caused one dark furl on the smooth, glassy surface of the winding Loch Katrine. Every species of the winged creation that frequent the woods and mountains of Caledonia were here joined that day in a grateful hymn in praise of their great Creator. Not one key remained untouched of all the Italian gamut. It was indeed a Dutch concert where everyone sung his own song, from the small whistle of the wren, to the solemn notes of the cuckoo, sounded on an E and C A double octave lower, and from the sprightly pipe of the thrush and blackbird, to the rough harp of the pye and raven. And that the anthem might be complete the imperial eagle hovered like a black mote in the skirts of the mist, at whose triumphant yell all the woodland choristers were for some seconds mute; and like menials in the presence of their lord, began again one after another with seeming fear and caution.

The landscape at large was quite spoiled by a thick lowering mist that hid in shades all the high mountains which should have made up the background of this romantic scene. It also confined, and bowed down my contemplations to what most employs them, namely, the things below. These, on such a day, would naturally have arisen, with my eyes to the tops of the hills, and from thence to heaven, and consequently to Him who made heaven and earth and—the Trossachs.

But knowing notwithstanding, of our mental depravity, that clouds and darkness surround Him, and as I was become surrounded with mist, I knew it needless even to attempt it. I had no guide along with me, and it is probable that I might miss some of the most interesting places. I lost myself in the mazes of the river, and for a time believed what was impossible, namely, that I had got to the other side of the river without perceiving it. The manner in which it works its way among the rocks, is not the least striking of the whole. One while it seems quite impeded in its progress, at other times wheeling and boiling in the most terrific manner, always in ferment, and in a seeming perplexity at what chasm it shall next make its escape by.

I took my dinner, consisting of some biscuits and a cut of cheese, beside a crystal spring at the foot of a rock; and during my stay there had formed a definite conclusion respecting the formation of the Trossachs. I concluded, that prior to the universal deluge, the Trossachs had formed a steep bar between the two hills, and that the whole of Glen Gyle and Loch Katrine had been one loch, which had formed subterraneous passages among the rocks to such an extent as had prevented it filling up; but on the declension of the waters of the flood from around it, unable to sustain the mighty pressure, the Trossachs had given way: when the impetuous torrent had carried all before it saving the everlasting rocks, which yet remain, the shattered monuments of that dreadful breach.

This theory is supported by two remaining evidences: First, that the western side of these eminences are all bare and solid rock; while on the opposite sides of the

larger ones there are quantities of loose stones and some soil amassed. And second, that the ravines are deeper, and the knolls are higher, on and near the bottom of the glen, and continue gradually to diminish as you ascend the hills on each side, until they totally disappear. However, my dear sir, I have no hopes that you will treat this probable discovery with a greater share of approbation than you do all my natural and experimental philosophy, namely, by laughing at it.

I now left the Trossachs, and proceeded up the north side of Loch Katrine, on the shores of which there is still a good proportion of wood, though small in comparison with what it seems once to have been. Many extensive banks that have once been covered with large trees, are only recognisable to have been so by thousands of decaying stumps. Even the Trossachs themselves have suffered severely in wild beauty by the ravages of the axe. But what they have lost in beauty they have gained in utility. They are now covered with stocks of tolerably good sheep, and there is still a sufficiency of wood to serve them for shelter in winter, which is all that is requisite for the store farmer. The land belongs mostly, either to the Hon. Miss Drummond, or the Earl of Moray, and are generally, though not very large, good, sure farms, and will in time bring large rents.

The inhabitants acknowledge that they do not suffer by snows lying long in winter, but that owing to the dryness of their herbage, their flocks are often much reduced in condition during the spring months, and that when the lambing season commences with them, many of the lambs are in danger of perishing.

I began now to be afraid that I might be disappointed of a lodging for the night, there being no public-houses

in the bounds. I went on, however, without asking, until I came to the house of Glengyle. It was then growing late, and there was no other human habitation for many miles. I had, twelve years ago, been sent on an errand to the house of Glengyle to ask permission of M'Gregor, the laird, to go through his land with a drove of sheep. He was then an old man, and seemed to me to be a very queer man; but his lady granted my request without hesitation, and seemed to me an active, social woman. Therefore, I expected, from the idea I had formed of her character, to be very welcome there, and never knew, until I went to the house, that the laird was dead, and the lady and her family removed to the neighbourhood of Callander, while the farm and mansion-house were possessed by two farmers. When I called, one of them came to the door. I asked the favour of a night's lodging; but the important M'Farlane made use of the decisive moment to ask me half a score of questions before he desired me to walk in. I experienced the greatest kindness and attention from the family when once I got among them. M'Alpin, the other farmer, I found to be a very considerable man, both in abilities and influence, but the most warm and violent man in a dispute, though ever so trivial, that ever entered into one. If any one advanced a theory of which he did not approve, he interrupted them with a loud and passionate hububub. On the preceding summer gentlemen from Glasgow were benighted there, and calling at the door, desired M'Alpin to speak with them. He sent word that they might go about their business, for he would be d——d if he held any conversation with a pack of Glasgow weavers.

I remain, yours, etc., J. H.

Dear Sir,

There is nothing about Glengyle that admits of particular description. It is situated at the head of Loch Katrine and surrounded by black rocks. It was one of Rob Roy's principal haunts, to whom Glengyle was related. M'Alpin showed me the island in Loch Katrine where he confined the Marquis of Montrose's steward, after robbing him of his master's rents, and where he had nearly famished him. The Macgregors have a burial-place at Glengyle, surrounded by a high wall. On one of their monuments their coat of arms and motto are engraved.

Query—Was it not remarkable that both you and I should each of us have made Glengyle a party in a ballad in imitation of the ancients, and that before we had either seen or heard of each other?

Answer—The poetical sound of the name, sir.

I now left Glengyle in order to cross the mountains into Glenfalloch. . . . As I sat musing, . . . I fell into a sound sleep, out of which I was at length awakened by a hideous yelling noise. I listened for some time before I ventured to look up, and on throwing the plaid off my face, what was it but four huge eagles hovering over me in a circle at a short distance, and at times joining all their voices in one unconceivable bleat. I desired them to keep a due distance . . . for I was not yet dead, which if I had been, I saw they were resolved that I should not long remain a nuisance among the rocks of Glenfalloch.

Sir Walter prefaces his gruesome ballad of "Glenfinlas, or Lord Ronald's Coronach," as follows :—

The tradition upon which the following stanzas are founded runs thus:—While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bathy* (a hut built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the syren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut. The other remained, and suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strains consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called "The Glen of the Green Women."

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
  The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
  We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

. . . . . .

Untouched the harp began to ring,
  As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
  As light a footstep pressed the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
  Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
  All dropping wet her robes of green.

. . . . . .

With maiden blush she softly said,
  "O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen
In deep Glenfinlas' moon-light glade,
  A lovely maid in vest of green:
With her a Chief in Highland pride?"

. . . . . .

"And who art thou? and who are they?"
  All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:
"And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
  Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas side?"

"Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
  Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
  The castle of the bold Glengyle."

. . . . . .

He muttered thrice St. Oran's rhyme,
  And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer
Then turned him to the eastern clime,
  And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

. . . . . .

Tall waxed the spirit's altering form,
  Till to the roof her stature grew:
Then mingling with the rising storm,
  With one wild yell, away she flew.

. . . . . .

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
  As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And spattering, foul, a shower of blood
  Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

. . . . . .

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more.

Sir Walter's ballad connects Glenfinlas with Glengyle. The Ettrick Shepherd's ballad is attached to Glengyle. It is incorporated in "The Queen's Wake," and entitled, "The fate of Macgregor." The tale of the ballad is that the chief of the Clan Macgregor, in gloomy mood, is urged by his young brother, Malcolm, to rise and lead his men against their enemies. The chief refuses, for that by vision he is trysted to meet in Glengyle the spirit of a lady he had wronged in past days. He keeps the tryst, followed by Malcolm.

"MacGregor, MacGregor, remember our foemen:
The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben Lomond:
The clans are impatient and chide thy delay:
Arise! let us bound to Glen Lyon away."

Stern scowled the MacGregor, then silent and sullen,
He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan;
"Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed;
The Campbells this night for MacGregor must rest."

. . . . . .

All silent they went, for the time was approaching:
The moon the blue zenith already was touching:
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill:
Young Malcolm at distance couched, trembling the while—
MacGregor stood lone by the brook of Glen Gyle.

Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream
A skiff sailing light where a lady did seem;
Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
The glow-worm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom;

A dim rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
Like wold-fire at midnight, that glares on the waste.
Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
No torrent, no rock her velocity stayed.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach ;
The Chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.
He saw the MacGregor kneel down on the plain,
As begging for something he could not obtain ;
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail, and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side ;
"MacGregor ! MacGregor !" he bitterly cried ;
"MacGregor ! MacGregor !" the echoes replied.
He struck at the lady, but, strange though it seem,
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream ;
But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain,
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away—
MacGregor is vanished for ever and aye !

From the Autobiography of Sir Robert Christison, M.D., 1816.

On reaching Aberfoyle Inn . . . we found it was "Sacrament Monday," when all the surrounding Highlands were eating and drinking, and bargaining, and love-making, and quarrelling, as if on a fair day, in the house and outside the house, after the religious service of the "occasion" was over. We had to lie more than an hour on the grassy bank of the Forth, till the lass of the inn contrived to clear a room of the revellers for our accommodation, and gave us possession,

cautioning us at the same time to keep our door locked against all comers, except herself with our dinner. After dinner, however, a hill farmer came rattling at the door, and enquiring for our new acquaintances. He was scarcely admitted when fresh knocking announced others to enquire after him: then came fresh enquiries for them, till at length, as the lass had foretold, we had twenty Highlanders and more, all seated around us against the wall, and quaffing pure whisky circulated from man to man with an oft-replenished bottle and one wine-glass.

Next morning we crossed the high, broad, rough, wild, hilly land which divides the upper valleys of the Forth and Teith, and arrived at the Trossachs. A few years earlier in the century, before "The Lady of the Lake" made the district famous, the only refuge for travellers here was the simple dwelling of an intelligent farmer, Mr. Stewart of Ardcheanacrochan. When my father then visited the place, Stewart received him and his party as would a small Highland chieftain, entertaining them with his company as well as his good fare. But it was a well understood rule for the visitors at parting to leave on the table what they judged to be compensation. . . . The accommodation consisted at that time of a rude thatched ground-floor house, with very limited but comfortable quarters. When my party was there, a larger, yet still small, blue-slated house accommodated the few additional guests as yet attracted by the scenery of Scott's poem; and the visit concluded with the appearance of an innkeeper's modest bill in due form. We were so unlucky, however, as to find the new house occupied by a fashionable London sister-in-law of Stewart, so that we were relegated to a

long low thatched cottage behind, consisting of a butt and a ben, each containing two roomy press beds. Ten years later, when I revisited the Trossachs, Stewart's humble quarters were replaced by a large hotel, which bedded 37 customers, and now (1885) there is a huge castellated edifice capable of housing a hundred.

From the Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle, Ca. 1818.

The Trossachs I found really grand and impressive, Loch Katrine exquisitely so, my first taste of the beautiful in scenery. Not so, any of us, the dirty, smoky farm hut at the entrance, with no provision in it but bad oatcakes and unacceptable whisky, or the Mrs. Stewart who somewhat royally presided over it, and dispensed these dainties, expecting to be flattered like an independency, as well as paid like an innkeeper.

Lord Cockburn's "Circuit Journeys."

September, 1838.

I am always ashamed of our country for its inhospitality, in the respect of inns, to the many strangers who now visit it. The inn near the Trossachs could perhaps put up a dozen, or at the very most, two dozen, of people; but last autumn I saw about one hundred apply for admittance, and after horrid altercations, entreaties, and efforts, about fifty or sixty were compelled to huddle together all night. They were all

of the upper rank, travelling most in private carriages, and by far the greater number strangers. But the pigs were as comfortably accommodated. I saw three or four English gentlemen spreading their own straw on the earthen floor of an outhouse, with a sparred door, and no fireplace or furniture. And such things occur every day there. . . . The genius of Sir Walter Scott immortalises the region.

9th September, 1846.

We passed a couple of hours yesterday on Loch Katrine. . . . The world is still paying homage to the genius of Scott at the Lake of his Lady. I find that Stewart's inn can accommodate about a dozen of people comfortably, and about twice that number with some decency. But there is now a small steamer on the loch, which goes three times down and three times up daily, and generally loaded. There are omnibuses to carry them on to Callander, besides gigs, cars, and private carriages. But they all arrive from Loch Lomond, Callander, and other quarters, expecting accommodation at the wonderful and expansive place called Stewart's inn, and except the twelve or the twenty-four, are all daily, or rather hourly, destined to be disappointed. On our way from Callander to that place we counted about fifty people returning from Stewart's in vehicles. There had been above one hundred people at that inn that day. . . . Montrose's side of the loch is still bare. It was cut, or rather grubbed out, I don't remember how long ago, but certainly after the publication of the poem; for I remember Scott in his indignation threatening to

save the trees . . . by getting up a penny subscription, and paying the £200 (this, I believe, was the sum) for which they were to be sold. But we observed one of the very finest weeping birches, on the right-hand side of the road going towards Loch Katrine, which we were told that Lady Willoughby had given five guineas to save. I trust, and have no reason to doubt, that she has in store the treasure of many as good deeds.*

The following Notes on St. Kessog are, by permission, founded upon Transactions of the Glasgow Archæological Society, "St. Kessog and his Cultus in Scotland," by Mr. J. Murray Mackinlay, M.A., F.S.A., 1897.

St. Kessog holds an honourable place in the tradition of Trossachs district, as well as elsewhere throughout Scotland.

In Glenfinglas, near the junction of Glen Maan and upper Glenfinglas, there is an ancient burial-ground, scarcely now apparent. It has been known to recent generations by the name of "the burial-place of the M'Kessaigs." No people of that name have lived here, so far as records tell. It seems evident that it is an ancient burial-place consecrated under the name of St. Kessog.

Not much is known of St. Kessog's actual history in

* The tree is remembered (1908), but it died long ago, about the same year as the death of Lady Willoughby. It was opposite the bed of reeds at the head of Loch Achray.

detail, but his name is commemorated by place-names far and wide throughout Scotland, and it is fairly certain that he was an enthusiastic travelling missionary of the Gospel in the sixth century, having his home somewhere about the outlet of Loch Lomond, and at last buried at Luss.

A valuable account of St. Kessog appears in the "Transactions of Glasgow Archæological Society," by Mr. Murray MacKinlay, M.A., F.S.A., 1897.

Sometimes, as in the "Kalendars of Scottish Saints," the Saint is named "Makkessoch." The prefix "Ma" is not like the Gaelic "Mac" (son of). It often occurs in the names of early saints, and means "my," used as a term of endearment. He was the patron-saint of Callander. The site of the old church of Callander was the circular mound still known as "Tom-na-chessaig," *i.e.*, "St. Kessog's Mound," where, according to tradition, butts were formerly placed for the practice of archery.*

A market was held at Callander annually in March called "Feil-na-chessaig," *i.e.*, "St. Kessog's Festival." There is also a "Tom-na-chessaig" in Comrie, and an annual Comrie fair in March bore the name of St. Kessack. †

A striking proof of the persistence of St. Kessog's name in Scotland is found in the respect long shown to two bells, connected with his name. In a charter, of date 8th January, 1538-39, relating to the lordship of Drummond in Perthshire, the following occurs:

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* Old and New "Statistical Account."

† Chronicles of Strathearn. Dr. Rankin, Muthill.

"Terras de Struthill, Barnakillis, cum capella, et sacra campana Sancti Kessogi." Again charters, dated successively 1542, 1566-7, 1582, 1662, 1675, show that St. Kessog's chapel and bell were still respected. By charter dated 20th January, 1566-7, the King and Queen confirm to George Buchanan of that ilk the lands of Buchanan, etc., with the fishings in Loch Lomond, along with the bell and alms of St. Kessog.—("Cum campana et elimosina S. Cassogi.")*

The surnames still existing in our own day, such as Kessack, M'Isaac, and MacKissack, carry our thoughts back to the sixth century, and fix them on one who has left behind him not a few tokens of his presence and power.

Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland," Vol. XI.: Parish of Callander: published 1794.

This is a full and scholarly description of the parish, written about 1791, by the Rev. James Robertson, D.D., the parish minister. It is well worth re-printing, at full length, as a valuable document of local history, but it can only be quoted briefly here, and it will always be easily accessible in public libraries to those who are interested.

Dr. Robertson's Etymology of place-names is an interesting item, *e.g.*, as follows: the Gaelic words being spelled, he explains, "according to the English orthography."

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* Reg. Mag. Sig. 1546-80. p. 436.

Trossachs: roughness.

Benvenu: the small mountain, distinguishing it from Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi.

Ben Lomond: Ben-loch-lomin, the hill of the lake full of islands.

Ben Ledi: contracted for *Ben-le-dia,* the hill of God. According to tradition the summit was a spot of annual religious assemblage in ancient times.

Ben Aan: Binean: the diminutive of *bein,* a *mountain.*

Glengyle: Glean-goul, the forked glen.

Coil-chra: the wood of nuts. There are many hazel-nut trees.

Ard-mac-muin: the height for the brood of cattle. On Loch Catherine.

Stron-garv-altry: the nose at the rough (or rapid) brook. A promontory on Loch Catherine.

Edir-a-leachdach: between the two brooks of flags (i.e., smooth rocks). A farm on the shore of Loch Catherine.

Le-tir: the half of the land: a very common name in the Highlands, applicable to places on a gentle declivity. A farm on Loch Catherine-side. Dr. Robertson says, "There is no doubt of *tir* and *terra* being originally the same word."

Brea-n-choil: above the wood.

Ard-ken-knockan: the height at the end of the hills.

Glen-fin-glass: the fair green glen: it is called *Fin-glass,* because the long grass acquires a bleached appearance in winter.

Ach-na-hard: the field of the height. At Glenfinglas farm: a common name in the Highlands.

Dun-craggan: the mount of the rock.

Offerans (Oir-roin): the side of the point. (Now a ruin at the head of Loch Vennachar.)

Lenrick; La-rig, contracted for *Lav-ri-uisg: a place near water.* A common name in the Highlands.

Port-an-eilean: the port of the island: a ferrying place.

Tar-an-duin: the groin of the hill.

Gar-chonie: the field of lamentation: from a bloody battle between two clans, of which the tradition is still fresh in the country (1791).

Broc-lan: full of badgers: a farm where these animals still abound (1791).

The Water of Turk: the Boar Water.

Botanical.—Dr. Robertson (1791) gives a list of wild plants of the parish. A gold medallist of the botanical class of the University of Edinburgh kindly informs me that they are ordinary, and adds the note: "This parish affords a good field for the botanist. There is the usual variety of woodland and sub-alpine flowering plants, and many *Bryums, Hypnums, Mniums, Splachnums, Ulotas, Marchantias, Jungermannias, Agaricini, Tremellini,* and other members of the great classes of the Mosses *Hepaticae* and *Fungi* are to be found."

Dr. Robertson's "Account" ends impressively, as written in 1791, compared with our 1908. "Some tracts of land are fitted only for pasture; but where the ground has been cultivated for ages, and many families maintained decently, with a numerous and hardy offspring, every patriot's heart must bleed to see several ships annually loaded from thence with the human species for foreign shores, and sheep pasturing where men should live.

"*Britannia* sits already on a solitary rock, hangs

down her head, and with her eyes bent towards *America*, she deplores the departure of her sons. Ere long she shall shed a flood of tears, and her cries of distress will be heard in vain; when her lion is trodden in the mire by his foes, and none to afford relief."

In the additional "Statistical Account of Scotland," published in 1844, about 50 years later than the first "Account," there is a description of Callander, by the Rev. Peter Robertson, who succeeded his father in the ministry of the parish.

It is a remarkable instance of family longevity that Colonel Robertson, C.B., a veteran of the Indian Mutiny, and a generous benefactor of Callander, is still with us in 1908, the nephew of Dr. Robertson, who was a man in middle-age when he wrote the story of Callander in the year 1791.

From "More Leaves from the Journal," by Her Majesty Queen Victoria. A Visit to Invertrossachs.

Wednesday, September 1, 1869.

Callander we reached at a quarter-past three. There was a very well-behaved crowd at the quiet station. Mr. and Lady Emily Macnaghten, to whose house (which they had most kindly lent us) we were going, and Sir Malcolm and Lady Helen MacGregor . . . received us there. Their little girl gave me a nosegay. We at once got into our celebrated sociable, which has been to the top of the Furca in Switzerland, etc., and

had been sent on before, Colonel Ponsonby and Brown going on the box. We drove off at once with post-horses through the small town of Callander, which consists of one long street with very few shops, and few good houses, but many poor ones. . . . After about three-quarters of a mile's drive, came to Loch Vennachar. . . . The house stands extremely well on a high eminence, overlooking the loch and surrounded by trees. . . . Half-an-hour brought us to the door of the house, Invertrossachs, which is small and comfortable. . . . We took tea and rested a little, and at twenty minutes to six drove out with the two girls (sweet Beatrice, very happy and very good, the first time she had been without a governess), and Lady Churchill.

Thursday, September 2, 1869.

. . . . . .

(After describing a drive by Lake of Menteith and Loch Ard), we stopped at Stronaclachar, a small inn, where people stay for a night sometimes, and where they embark coming from Loch Lomond, and *vice versa*. As the small steamer had not yet arrived, we had to wait for about a quarter of an hour. But there was no crowd, no trouble or annoyance, and during the whole of our drive nothing could be quieter or more agreeable. Hardly a creature did we meet, and we passed merely a very few pretty gentlemen's places, or very poor cottages with simple women and bare-footed, long-haired lasses and children, quiet and unassuming old men and labourers. This solitude, the romance and wild loveliness of everything here, the absence of hotels and beggars, the independent simple people, who all

speak Gaelic here, all make beloved Scotland the proudest, finest country in the world. Then there is that beautiful heather, which you do not see elsewhere. . . . We went on board the very clean little steamer, "Rob Roy," the very same we had been on under such different circumstances in 1859, on the 14th of October, in dreadful weather, thick mist and heavy rain, when my beloved husband and I opened the Glasgow Waterworks. We saw the spot and the cottage where we lunched.

We took a turn and steamed a little way up the bay, called Glen Gyle, where there is a splendid glen, beautifully wooded, which is the country of the MacGregors. . . . Next came the well-known "Silver Strand," "Helen's Isle," which is most lovely, and the narrow creek so beautifully wooded below the splendid high hills, and the little wooden landing-place which I remembered so well; and very melancholy and yet sweet were my feelings when I landed and found on the path some of the same white pebbles which my dearest Albert picked up and had made into a bracelet for me. I picked up and carried off a handful myself.

We had taken our tea on board on deck. We now entered two hired carriages.*

. . . . . .

We passed the fine Trossachs Inn, where Louise had stopped with Alice and Louis in 1865, and a lovely little church in a most picturesque position, and lastly the Brig o' Turk. . . . A most successful day. . . .

* Alexander Crerar, who was postillion for the Queen's carriage during her visit to Invertrossachs, is still driver of one of the four-in-hand coaches on Trossachs road (1908), hale and hearty after more than forty years' service.

Friday, September 3, 1869.

. . . Passing Kilmahog, a little boy tried to give me a nosegay, which was fixed to a pole, and in trying to catch it Colonel Ponsonby let it fall. The little boy screamed, "Stop, stop!" and ran in such an agony of disappointment that I stopped the carriage, and took it from him, to his mother's great delight.

Saturday, September 4, 1869.

Up by half-past seven and breakfasting at a quarter to eight. Got on my pony Sultan at nine, the others walking, and went through the wood to the loch's edge, where we three got into a small boat and were rowed across to the other side by the keeper and underkeeper, Brown sitting in the bow, Colonel Ponsonby and Jane Churchill going across in another very small boat rowed by one man. Here we got into our carriage as before. . . . We drove on through the beautiful Trossachs to Loch Katrine. It was a very dark, thick morning, no distance to be seen at all, and Ben Venue very imperfectly. We embarked by ten o'clock on board the steamer "Rob Roy," and steamed off for Stronaclachar. . . . We drove along Loch Arklet, a lovely drive, with pink heathered hills to the right. . . . We met (as we had done from the first) several large coaches, but with only outside seats, full of tourists. . . .

(Here follows an account of a day on Loch Lomond, remarkable for its close description of the loch, and its names and places.)

At Inversnaid the people, quite a small crowd, threw bunches of heather as we passed. Heather is every-

where the decoration, and there is indeed no lovelier, prettier ornament. It was in such full bloom. . . . At Stronaclachar, both on embarking and disembarking, there were a few people collected. On board we had again our tea, and Mr. Blair, the very obliging gentleman-like host of the Trossachs Inn (and possessor of the Loch Katrine steamer), who was in attendance each time, gave us some clotted cream.

It was a splendid sail over this most lovely loch, and delightful drive back by the Trossachs. We got into the boat again where we left it this morning, and rowed across; but this time it was most unpleasant, for it blew and was very rough, and the little boat rolled and danced. The second smaller one with the two others shipped water. Rode back and got up to the house by half-past seven. . . . A most successful, enjoyable day. . . .

Sunday, September 5, 1869.

. . . Decided not to go to kirk, as it would have been very public. So at eleven rode with dear Beatrice for an hour . . . on the beautiful pink, heathery, and bracken hills just behind the house, and saw Loch Drunkie almost dry from the drought, and looked over to the Brig of Turk, then back by the stables to the house. Read the collect, epistle, and gospel, and the second lesson for the day, with the two girls, Beatrice reading the last-named.

Monday, September 6, 1869.

. . . We rode out the same way we came back yesterday, and then up the same hill overlooking Loch

Drunkie, which really is nearly dry, and on down the other side of the hill as fast as we could go along a rough but very pretty road, which brought us over perfumed pink heather interspersed with bracken, to a spot where you get a lovely glimpse of Loch Achray and Ben Venue. We then continued along a wood past a few miserable cottages, but as private as if I were riding at Balmoral, out into the high-road just at the Brig of Turk, and stopped at what is called "Fergusson's Inn," but is in fact the very poorest sort of Highland cottage.* Here lives Mrs. Fergusson, an immensely fat woman, and a well-known character, who is quite rich and well-dressed, but will not leave the place where she has lived all her life selling whisky. She was brought out, and seemed delighted to see me, shaking hands with me and patting me. She walks with a crutch, and had to sit down. We only stopped a very few minutes, and then went home as fast as we came, and got back by one. . . . Our ride must have been eight miles altogether.

Tuesday, September 7, 1869.

. . . We determined to go to Loch Katrine, having ordered the steamer and boats to row to the Silver Strand. So off I went with the girls and Lady Churchill just as on other days, but when we got there it was too wet to do anything; so we only went on board the steamer, took our tea in the cabin below, and then drove back again by half-past seven.

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* This cottage is now a ruin behind the present Post Office at Bridge of Turk (1908).

Thursday, September 9, 1869.

. . . Planted two trees in front of the house, as did Louise and Beatrice also. . . . I drove with Beatrice as far as the Trossachs Inn and back, and got a glimpse of the beautiful Trossachs and Loch Achray, with Ben Venue rising gloriously above it. I even made a slight outline of it, and returned, quite pleased at this, by half-past seven. . . .

Friday, September 10, 1869.

. . . At half-past eleven we left Invertrossachs, the recollection of the ten days at which, quiet and cosy, and of the beautiful country and scenery I saw in the neighbourhood, though the last two days were spoilt by stupid indisposition, will ever be a very pleasant one. The two girls and I drove in a Callander carriage. . . . Reached Balmoral at half-past six.

"A Legend of Glengyle." Contributed by Miss Alison Sheriff Macgregor of Glengyle, from traditional hearsay.

At the extreme western source of Loch Katrine, where the river Gyle divides at the foot of Ben Dochty, there was in old times a village called *Kil-mi-challaig* or "*chailleach.*" To the kirkyard of this place all the notable dead of the district were brought, in many cases across the bleak and precipitous pass still called *Bealloch-nan-Corp*, and various corpse cairns indicate where the bearers rested their burden. The entire community was ruled over by a number of women, to whom

people came for advice from far and near, so that they constituted a sort of High Court, with women as Judge and Jury. The most notorious case which they dealt with, and which probably led to their downfall through drawing the ridicule of the country upon them, was a case of horse-stealing. The accused man had been seen riding furiously away on someone else's horse, and all evidence pointed to his guilt. To the astonishment of the outsiders, the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," and the Judge on summing up declared the horse was the culprit, as it had run away with the man. She condemned the unfortunate animal to be hanged, and hanged it was, while the man got off scot free. The curious case was referred to by Ian Lone, a celebrated Highland bard of the 17th century.

The derivation of the name *Kil-mi-Chailleach*, is doubtful. It may mean "the cell of nuns." A nunnery may have been situated at the head of Glengyle, which would account for the high respect in which the women stood. It would probably be in connection with the priory and ecclesiastical college in Glen Dochart, near Killin, founded by King Robert Bruce and consecrated to St. Fillan, after the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314.

Ancient Iron-Workings. When the new road along Loch Katrine-side was made about 1895, it cut through an old heap of iron-slag, still visible, a hundred yards or so to the west of the iron bridge which is about two miles from the loch-end. I am informed that a similar heap is known on the south shore of the loch, nearly opposite. Similar heaps are known throughout the

Highlands of Scotland, to the number of about 200. They point back to the ancient working of native iron, of which we have only slight information in historical records.

A careful study of the subject is set forth in an article in the magazine "Scotia," Whitsunday, 1907, by Mr. George Turner, Glasgow, who kindly allows me to use his information.

In 1456 and later, we learn that the Laird of Buchanan paid part of the Crown rent of Duchray and Drummond from iron made within these districts. The works were located in south-west Perthshire, including the streams flowing into Loch Katrine. An iron-market was held at Aberfoyle, where dealers met. The names Buchanan, Macpherson, Stewart, are stated as ironmasters. A French smith was employed, and provision was made for his occupying a cottage for life of the annual value of 20s. From 1470 to 1479 assignments of the iron rents were made in favour of Elizabeth Dunbar, late Countess of Moray, then the wife of Sir John Colquhoun. A document dated 1463 grants the lands of Duchray to her.

There are historical documents showing that iron was worked in various parts of the North of Scotland, before and after the fifteenth century (quoted by Mr. Turner). It is fairly certain that native iron was worked on Loch Katrine-side about the years 1456 to 1513. *Lochan-a-Cheaird*, a small loch near the hill-summits to the west of Ben Venue, may mean the loch of the *iron-workers*, although it is presently understood to mean the loch of the *tinkers*, probably a camping-place.

The Reminiscences of Mr. James Stewart, Farmer at Duart, Glenfinglas (died 1895, aged 82), noted from his conversation.

In Mr. Stewart's boyhood, that is, up to about 1825, a familiar sight was the bands of smugglers who came through Glenfinglas on their way to Glasgow, conveying on ponies large tin jars of whisky, from which they bore the name of "flaskers." They bought it from the small farmers on Loch Tay-side, who mostly had private stills, and could pay their year's rent from their profit on whisky. It was said to be good stuff, because made in small quantities. The "flaskers" could make a profit of 4s. a gallon in Glasgow. They were mostly Irishmen, and he has seen as many as 60 men in a convoy.

Mr. Stewart's mother had three grades of lodging for wayfarers, in the old kindly Scottish way. First, a good bed for the packman, who had may-be £100 worth on his back; second, a middling lodging for the smaller packman; third, good straw for the poor tramp. He has seen twenty wayfarers leave the Glen on a Monday morning.

Mr. Stewart remembers old people who in their younger days (say 1750) used to worship in an Episcopal Chapel, which was situated close by the present Trossachs Hotel, Ardcheanachrochan. Six generations of Stewarts were tenants of the Glenfinglas farms, until they left in the year 1891.

He knows nothing of fairy beliefs or second-sight in the neighbourhood, except that a shepherd, a trusty man, in the beginning of last century, vowed he saw a lady on the hillside, who vanished when he approached her. A sixpence or other silver coin was often dropped

into the churn to hasten the butter. Among the several households of which the Clachan of Glenfinglas consisted, it was the stringent rule that fire should continually be kept burning, not necessarily in every house, but among them. The rule was no doubt practical and useful in the days before lucifer matches, but it evidently had a deeper meaning. As a youth Mr. Stewart was told that about the year 1800 or a little earlier, not many years before he was born, a murrain played havoc among the cattle of the glen. After solemn consultation, every spark of fire in the Glen was carefully extinguished. Thereafter the men set themselves, one relieving another, to produce fire by rubbing a rafter in a barn with a piece of iron, until the rafter took fire and blazed. From that flame all the household fires of the Clachan were relit, and that production of new and pure fire was believed to stay and ward off the deadly disease among the cattle. Mr. Stewart pointed out to me, about 1890, the identical beam in an old barn, since demolished, bearing distinct marks of fire and charring. This appears to be an instance of lingering fire-worship, connected probably with Ben Ledi close by, with its well-known tradition of ancient sanctity.

In his youth the night-lights mainly consisted of splinters of ancient fir-roots, which they annually carted from the Muir of Rannoch, a long distance.

Tradition told him that on *Black Saturday* the outlet of Loch Katrine changed itself from the present "lochend," where the steamer and boats lie, to the present outlet at the sluices. The river Leny changed its course the same day, near the present bridge of Leny. It formerly ran nearer the road to Loch Lubnaig.

(In Chambers' Annals of Scotland it is recorded that *Black Saturday* was the name given to August 14th, 1621, when the Scottish Parliament ratified the five articles establishing Episcopacy. Immediately thereafter, on the same day, a terrific storm raged over Scotland, doing immense damage.)

Mr. Stewart and the late Mr. Hutchison, rector of Stirling High School, dug into St. Kessog's burial-ground in Glenfinglas. At a depth of three or four feet they found layers of white stones. The sacred or superstitious use of white stones is not uncommon in the old days of Scotland and elsewhere. Mr. Hutchison suggested some reference to Rev. ii. 17: "To him that overcometh will I give a white stone." James Graham (who died about 1865) was relied upon at Bridge of Turk to cure ailing cattle. He used to stir his medicines with a white stone.

A Stewart of Edra was standard-bearer to the Duke of Perth in 1715 or 1745.

Bathymetrical Survey of Lochs.

In the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for April, 1900, appears an exhaustive account of a survey of Loch Katrine and the neighbouring lochs made by Sir John Murray, K.C.B., and Fred. P. Pullar, Esq., F.R.G.S. During the survey Mr. Pullar designed an excellent sounding apparatus, now known by his name.*

* On February 15th, 1901, Mr. Fred. Pullar splendidly lost his life in an endeavour to rescue a young lady who had fallen through the ice while skating on Airthrey Loch, near Bridge of Allan. He was a young man beloved by all, and by his death the cause of science lost an investigator of highest promise.

The account gives minute details not only concerning the depths of the lochs, but also the orography and drainage areas, rainfall, temperature, and organic life of the water, geology, etc., and is accompanied by valuable coloured maps. It will no doubt remain as a standard description of the district alongside of the Government Geological and Ordnance Surveys, summing up a series of observations throughout many years by various experts.

The depth of Loch Katrine was found to be 495 feet (82½ fathoms), at a spot nearly opposite Brenachoil, but a depth exceeding 400 feet runs for the greater length of the loch. The surface of the loch, according to Ordnance Survey maps, is 364 feet above sea-level,* so that the deepest part is 131 feet (22 fathoms) below sea-level.

The maximum depth of Loch Achray is 97 feet (16 fathoms), at a spot nearly opposite the church.

The average rainfall at Bridge of Turk, 1854-98, was 64.47 inches per annum.

From "Fishing Adventures," by Mr. Malcolm Ferguson, published 1893. (John Leng & Co., Dundee.)

(*Note.*—The following account is quoted by kind permission of Mr. Ferguson, from the chapter entitled, "A Day on Loch Katrine." Mr. Ferguson's chapter

* These figures are now increased by the 5 feet of rise upon the loch by the operations of the Water Commissioners of Glasgow.

on Loch Achray is similarly valuable for its intimate knowledge of local topography and tradition.—W. W.)

I daresay there is no other loch to be found within the bounds of Queen Victoria's wide domains, on which the sun never sets, that is so well and so widely known as this charming Perthshire lake. It would be presumptuous for the writer to attempt any lengthened description of Loch Katrine after the inimitably beautiful description given of it by the magic master-pen of our poet, of undying memory, in "The Lady of the Lake," in which the great magician has made the whole district seem "the scenery of a fairy dream."

Oh! who would think, in cheerless solitude,
  Who o'er these twilight waters glided slow,
  That genius, with a time-surviving glow,
Those wild, lone scenes so proudly hath embued!
Or that from "hum of men" so far remote
  Where blue waves gleam and mountains darken round,
  And trees with broad boughs shed a gloom profound,
A poet here should from his trackless thought
Elysian prospects conjure up, and sing
  Of bright achievements in the olden days,
  When chieftain valour sued for beauty's praise,
And magic virtues charmed St. Fillan's spring
  Until in worlds where Chilian mountains raise
Their cloud-capt heads, admiring souls should wing,
  Hither their flight to wilds whereon I gaze.

Sir Walter Scott's manuscript of the "Lady of the Lake" was for long in the possession of Francis Richardson, Esq., London (brother-in-law to the writer). An edition of "The Lady of the Lake," edited by W. Minto, M.A., Professor of Literature in the University of Aberdeen, was published in 1891. In his preface

the editor says:—"When the Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh, who represent the original publishers, asked me to undertake a revision of Lockhart's edition, I suggested that the text should be collated with the author's MS., and at their instance, Mr. Francis Richardson, the owner of the MS. of 'The Lady of the Lake,' kindly placed it at my disposal."*

. . . . . .

Ben Venue is rendered venerable, in the estimation of Highlanders, by the celebrated Cori-nan-Uriskin, the cave or recess of goblins.

Several well-known writers' descriptions of the reputed denizens of Cori-nan-Uriskin vary considerably. In the year 1811, Alexander Campbell, who I believe was a native of the parish of Callander, and to whom Sir Walter Scott makes repeated reference in his notes to "The Lady of the Lake," published a work, "A Journey from Edinburgh through parts of North Britain," . . . with forty-four beautiful engravings, including a wonderfully correct sketch of Cori-nan-Uriskin, taken on the spot by the author. I give the following quotation from Mr. Campbell's book:—

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* Mr. Malcolm Ferguson gives the further note (1908), "Mr. F. Richardson was an enthusiastic admirer of Sir Walter Scott's works, and as opportunity occurred purchased several of the MSS. of Scott's Works, including the MS. of the 'Lady of the Lake,' for which he paid £300 at a public sale in London. Mr. Richardson retained these MSS., I daresay, as the most prized of his earthly possessions, to the end of his long life. He died, 15th September, 1896, at the age of 85 years. Shortly after his death, the MS. of the 'Lady of the Lake,' which was wholly written by Sir Walter, in his own hand-writing, was sold at a public sale in London at £1200."

"Among these rocks . . . in former times a savage band, ruthless, intractable, and cruel, had fixed their lurking-place, and issued forth naked as they were born, committing depredations on the peaceable inhabitants of these glens, ravishing the women, murdering those that resisted, setting fire to the habitations all around. . . . Hence this precipice retains the name of Cori-nan-Uriskin (the den of the wild men or savages)."

The Rev. Patrick Graham, D.D., in his "Sketches of Perthshire" (1812), says the Urisks were a sort of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the brownies of England, could be gained over by kind attentions to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it. Thus it was that his bowl of cream, with an oaten-cake, was regularly set down for the Urisk, and clothes were occasionally added. The Urisk of Glaschoil, a small farm about a mile to the west of Ben Venue, having, it is said, been neglected one night in these attentions, performed indeed his task, but was heard at daybreak to utter a horrible shrieking yell, and took his departure never to return. The Urisks were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each residing in his own wild recess, but their solemn assemblies were regularly held in this case of Ben Venue.

Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to "The Lady of the Lake," says, "*Cori-nan-Uriskin*, the name literally implies the cori or den of the wild or shaggy men." Perhaps this, as conjectured by Mr. Alexander Campbell, may have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious banditto. But tradition has

ascribed to the Urisk, a figure between a goat and a man; in short, precisely that of the Grecian Satyr. His occupation resembled those of Milton's "lubber fiend" (in "L'Allegro"), or of the Scottish brownie.

Mr. Ferguson adds the note, "The Urisks, I think, were the remnants of the Druids, driven into the wilds and persecuted by a rival religion, the Fingalian. . . . The Urisks would be clothed in sheep or goat-skins, hence their 'hairy appearance, having a figure between a goat and a man.' "

The Water Way on Loch Katrine.

Long before any steamer was put on Loch Katrine, there was a regular ferry-boat, the "Water-Witch," which started from the Trossachs end every morning during the summer season at 9 o'clock, returning in the afternoon. The landing-place at the head of the loch was at Coalbarns. . . . There being no regular road between Coalbarns and Inversnaid, the boatmen had to carry the passengers' luggage that distance —fully five miles—on their backs. The passengers had either to walk or ride on ponies. I have been often told that there were thirty or more of these hardy, sure-footed animals kept about the place. . . . About the only dwelling then at Coalbarns was a small thatched cottage, for many years occupied by a M'Gowan. He was succeeded in the little inn by Mr. Ferguson, father of the late well-known and respected landlord of the now palatial hotel of Stronaclachar, or Stronaclachaig, which I believe to be the more correct name.

. . . . . .

The history of the first steamer put on Loch Katrine

is somewhat remarkable. A small iron steamer of eight horse-power was started on the loch in the summer of 1843, named the "Gipsy." . . . Several elderly people have told me that they witnessed said steamer being conveyed through Callander on a large cradle-waggon. . . . A well-known and respected farmer's better-half, who resides in the neighbourhood of Callander, and whose maiden name is Stewart, told me that she remembered the circumstance perfectly. She showed me an amusing ballad of some five hundred lines, descriptive of the adventures and curious mishaps of the steamer in course of her transit from Stirling to Loch Katrine, written by her brother, a student of much promise, who died in early life. . . . I cull some lines from it:—

'Twas some droll chap said in a whim,
"I'll get a boat to go by steam,
Which to Loch Katrine I'll send,
To run from Coalbarns to Lochend."

. . . . . .

A job, began at Stirling Shore,
The boat had thirty miles or more
From there to sail upon dry land.

. . . . . .

But somehow, by ingenious arts,
They got the boat put up on carts.

. . . . . .

'Twas drawn by able horses ten,
Surrounded by a host of men.

. . . . . .

On they went through thick and thin,
And seldom was there heard sic din.

. . . . . .

At length the tedious day was spent
As into Callander they went.

. . . . . .

So all turned out to see the sight,
The wonderful amphibious ship,
That upon this, its trial trip,
Had sailed from Stirling on dry land,
And now cast anchor in their Strand.

An early start from Callander was made next morning, expecting to reach Lochend in course of the day; but, alack! it was nine or ten days ere the "Gipsy" finished her chequered journey. Between the toll-house and Kilmahog Bridge a waggon-wheel sank deep, and carriages and carts gathered, unable to pass.

From dickies drivers down descended,
And every one assistance lended.
At length with one great, mighty tug,
They got the wheel out of the bog.

At Coilantogle the wheels sank to the axle-tree, and it took several days to move on, with the help of wooden planks at every suspicious part of the road. . . . Within half-a-mile of their destination they met the most serious mishap they had encountered, the waggon-wheels having sunk deep into the road. To crown the disaster, the horses became obstreperous. Half their number tore up their "gude graith" into pieces, galloped off helter-skelter, and disappeared into the eerie, bosky territory of the Trossachs, and it was a couple of days ere the last of them was found. But at length the "Gipsy," after her long and perilous voyage from Stirling, was launched on Loch Katrine, midst the cheers of the assembled throng. . . . The crew

consisted of captain, mate, engineer, and stoker. In a short time the "Gipsy" was paddling slowly up the loch, round Ellen's Isle, and back to the landing-place.

It can readily be surmised that the boatmen of the "Water-Witch" viewed the daring intruder with no friendly eye. But the following morning the "Water-Witch" was at her usual place, prompt at 9 a.m., with her crew of eight strong Highlanders, in the prime of manhood. There were a goodly number of passengers, and a keen competition between the respective boats to get the largest number of passengers.

Some chose the one, and some the other;
By seventeen the old was chosen,
The new by only half-a-dozen.
And having got their boats untied,
They left the harbour side by side.
But indications of a race
Were seen in every rower's face.

. . . . . .

And as with might their oars they drew
Their little vessel onward flew.
And when they got to Ellen's Isle,
The panting steamer half a mile
Behind them coming, as they spied,
They thought upon their oars with pride.
With cheerful glee they tell their news
Their passengers for to amuse.

. . . . . .

But all along they kept in mind
The vessel that they left behind.
Their long, light oars elastic spring
As from their blades the spray they fling.

. . . . . .

And soon they reached the landing-place,
Having by two miles gained the race.

. . . . . .

Together for a week or more
The vessels ply from shore to shore,
Until a great, mysterious change
Took place, which none could think but strange.
One morning, as they reached the quay,
The steamer nowhere could they see.

It is a fact that the new steamer "Gipsy" mysteriously disappeared. It was scuttled and sunk. To this day it has never been ascertained who were the perpetrators of the daring midnight deed. It is an open secret that the crew of the rowing boat, "Water-Witch," had some hand in the matter. The Fiscal paid several visits to the place, but failed to procure any reliable information. The boatmen, of course, knew nothing about the matter. A well-known farmer on the loch-side had only a simple story to tell, namely, that he had been at a lamb fair at Callander the previous day, and had stayed late with some old cronies. Before he reached Loch Katrine it was clear daylight. He missed the "Gipsy" from her usual landing-place, but on casting a look around he saw her in the bay near the south shore, and fancied that she looked deep in the water. The lake was as smooth as a sheet of glass. He had stood only some five or ten minutes when he saw her give a sudden lurch, throw up her stem in the air, and disappear, stern foremost. . . . By and by several of the Loch Katrine boatmen were summoned to appear before the Sheriff at Dunblane. Most of the men could converse in tolerably good English with their passengers on the "Water-Witch," but singular to relate, when they entered the Court-house at Dunblane it was discovered that they had "vera leetle Englesh

whateffer." The Sheriff had to employ an interpreter, but after prolonged examination, the lawyers were baffled, and could make nothing of them. I believe (says Mr. Ferguson about the year 1890) that there are at least three of the crew of the old "Water-Witch" (rowing boat) still to the fore, all over 90 years of age. One resides in Callander, one at the Brig o' Turk, and the other Para-Mhor (big Peter), on Loch Lomondside. I had occasion recently to call on the one at Callander (M'Intyre). I took the liberty of asking him if he had assisted to knock a hole in the bottom of the "Gipsy." He looked up at me and said, "Better let sleepin' dogs lie, sir." *

The second steamer was put on Loch Katrine by the Loch Lomond Steamboat Company, an iron vessel of 30 gross tonnage and 15 nominal horse-power, built by Denny, Dumbarton, and named the "Rob Roy." She steamed up from Dumbarton to Inversnaid, the project being to take her across to Coalbarns on a cradle-waggon. It was found, however, that the vessel (70 feet in length) could not be so conveyed, and had to be taken to pieces at Inversnaid, carted across the hill, 5½ miles, to Coalbarns (near Stronaclachar), rebuilt there, and launched on Loch Katrine in the summer of 1846. In the following years there was considerable

* The affair is reported at some length in the "Glasgow Herald" of the time, 28th July, 1843. It took place, says the report, "on Tuesday night last week," and "the Sheriff-Substitute and Procurator-Fiscal proceeded to the spot, and are pursuing an investigation, which may lead to the discovery of the perpetrators of an act which, however characteristic of the doings of a former age, must be viewed as a disgrace to the present."

litigation in the Court of Session among the landed proprietors and the Steamboat Company, concerning the rights of sailing on Loch Katrine (which Mr Ferguson describes in detail).

In 1855 a new steamer was built and launched on the loch, again by Denny, adopting the name of her predecessor, the "Rob Roy." The old boat was sold to the contractor for the Glasgow Waterworks, then in process, for the conveyance of material. After serving that purpose, she too found her final place in the bottom of the loch.

The second "Rob Roy" ran from 1855 to 1900, under the genial command of Captain James Munro, for more than forty years. Many famous people were his passengers. He was succeeded by Captain Cameron. In the year 1900 the present fine vessel, "Sir Walter Scott," was built on Loch Katrine, again by Denny, of Dumbarton, and was taken in command by Captain M'Kinnon. The second "Rob Roy" now lies at anchor at the Loch-end (1908), pensioned off in undisturbed old age.

Various Notes.

In Chambers' Journal, December, 1901, and October, 1905, are interesting articles, "Ruskin and Millais in Scotland," by W. W. Fenn, the well-known artist and journalist, describing his intercourse with the two famous men on intimate terms during a holiday spent at the Bridge of Turk in 1853. Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin and Millais were lodging at the hotel there

(destroyed by fire about 1864). Millais was then painting his famous portrait of Ruskin, with the Finglas river for background. Artists say that even the depiction of the rocks is marvellously true, and the spot can be identified to-day. Millais' tent in Glenfinglas was labelled in big charcoal letters, "Great Pre-Raphaelite Emporium."

The miller of Keir said, as a justification of his perjury regarding a gathering at Bridge of Turk in the Rising of 1715, which the Laird of Keir attended, that he could entrust his soul to the mercy of God for forgiveness, but that he could not entrust Keir's head into the hands of King George.

Portnellan Burial-ground. The inscription over the gateway bears the Macgregor crest and motto, "Een do and spare not," and the words, "In regard to the memory of her dear husband, Malcolm Macgregor, and their worthy son, John Macgregor, this chapel was repaired by Katharine Macgregor of Glengyle, 1781." The tombstones, so far as now legible (1908), range in date from 1699 to 1800, and besides the names of Macgregors bear such names as Findley M'Allam, Janet Macfarlan, Mary Ferguson, Janet Robertson. The whole ground was raised about 1895 by the operations of the Glasgow Water Commissioners, so that the mortal remains are now deep below the surface.

The poet Keats, passing through Trossachs, writes, "vexatiously full of visitors."

An island near Glaschoile was visible until the loch was raised about 1895, and was marked by a solitary surviving tree. It was locally named "Jonathan's Island." Jonathan was a worthy who supplied passing tourists and boatmen with a dram, before the steamboat invaded Loch Katrine.

Schools. In former days schoolmasters, as well as ministers, were required to sign the Confession of Faith. In the old roll-book of the Presbytery of Dunblane appear the signatures of Donald M'Laren, schoolmaster at the Bridge of Turk, about 1699; John Fisher, schoolmaster at Cuilantoegyle, about 1699; John Maclaren, charity schoolmaster at Bridge of Turk, about 1770.

John (Alistair) Macfarlane was born about 1825. He told me that he attended school at Duncraggan. The schoolmaster's name was Maclaren, familiarly known as the "Schoolack," or the "Catty" (Catechist). Every scholar brought a peat every morning in winter. If the peat was forgotten, the defaulter did not get near the fire that day. On Hansel Monday each scholar brought 1s or 1s 6d as hansel for the "Schoolack." There was no cock-fighting at school in his day, but his father used to speak of an annual "cock-fight day" at Alltnabreck in his young days.

"Graham's Craggan," on Loch Achray, is so named because a man Graham from Callander "was coupit there about 50 year sin'."

It was a frequent thing for parents to take their infants half-way across to Aberfoyle, where they were met by the minister of Aberfoyle, and the infant was baptised at a wayside burn, or perhaps at the spring still known as "Rob Roy's Well," near the Slate Quarries.

Rob Roy. Until recently no record was known of the birth or baptism of Rob Roy. It was lately found in the register of baptisms of Buchanan, the neighbouring parish to Callander. "On the 7 day of March, 1671, Donald M'Gregor in Glengyle, ps. of Calendar, upon testificat from ye minister yrof. Margaret Campbell. Son baptised called Robert. Witnesses, Mr Wm. Anderson, minister, and John Macgregor."

Rob Roy died at Balquhidder, 28th December, 1734.

Pictures of the District.

There are many paintings of the scenes of the Trossachs by famous artists. Mr. W. Young, R.S.W., informs me of several, as follows :—

"Loch Katrine," by James Docharty, A.R.S.A.;
"Loch Achray," by Sam Bough, R.S.A.

Both of these are the property of Colonel Brown, Renfrew. The latter is a large canvas, perhaps seven

feet in length. They are both beautiful works of art. So, too, is a fine picture of Loch Achray by Sam Bough, the property of the Corporation of Glasgow, at the Kelvingrove Galleries. Horatio M'Culloch painted one of his finest pictures at the Silver Strand. "The Heat of the Day" I saw painted, on the shore of Loch Achray, by John Smart, R.S.A., long ago. I have always regarded it as perhaps the artist's best picture.

Besides these, there are famous paintings by John M'Whirter, R.A., Colin Hunter, R.A.; and many other well-known artists have placed on canvas their impressions of the hills and lochs of Trossachs. Concerning the picture by Horatio M'Culloch, the late Captain Munro told me that while M'Culloch was making his picture, they walked home together in the evenings. One evening, when the Captain joined the artist, M'Culloch said, "I have just finished my picture. Leave me alone for a few minutes. Whenever I finish a big picture, I offer a word of thanks to the MOST HIGH."

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